KISSINGER, WRONG AGAIN—TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

JULY 18 & 25, 1994 · $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Brent D. Shaw: What Gay Marriages? • Camille Paglia: My Streisand • Martin Peretz: Waiting in Jericho

THE REVENGE OF THE STEPHANOPOULITES

IN DEFENSE OF CLINTON'S YOUNG TURKS

BY RUTH SHALIT

3-DIGIT 757
#757558A1IRY007# 328
NWRE S00311
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American institutions have invested
over $113 billion in pension funds managed by
The Prudential.

Proof that there's strength in numbers.

And peace of mind in strength.

ThePrudential

Figure includes endowments, foundations and savings plan funds; as of 12/31/93 ©1994 The Prudential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW REPUBLIC

REC'D JUL 0 5 1994

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JULY 18 & 25, 1994

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUES 4,148 & 4,149

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
DAVID SHIPLEY

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, WESTON KOSOVA, CHARLES LANE, MICHAEL LEWIS, ROBERT WRIGHT

Deputy Editor
EVAN SMITH

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARY JO SALTER

Dance
MINDY ALOFF

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH, ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Editors
RUTH SHALIT, ALEXANDER STAR

Assistant Editor
AMY KNOX SHEFFER

Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Copy Editor
SUZAN REVAH

Literary Assistant
CAREY LIFSCHULTZ

Staff Writer
HANNA ROSIN

Reporter-Researchers
LAURA HODES, CHRIS PRAWDZIK, DANTE RAMOS, JOSHUA SHENK, MARK THOMPSON

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Associate Publisher-Advertising
JAMES J. McCABE

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

New York Coordinator
SUZANNE McENTEE

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Cover by Mark Zingarelli for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 23.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** David Wilhelm's pals, welfare reform again, JFK in hell &c.

6 **MICKEY KAUS** TRB: TAINT SO A modest cure for the pretrial publicity problem.

7 **THE EDITORS** NOT SO HATA Japan's political mess—and the American opportunity.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Souter's score, onions bore &c.

9 **DOUGLAS G. McGRATH** THE FLAPJACK FILE: SLEEP RESISTANCE A day with Mr. Christopher.

10 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: BIG MACK McLarty's savvy palace coup.

11 **MARGARET TALBOT** BACK TO THE FUTURE *Ostalgie* overtakes the new German states.

11 **CATARINA KENNEDY-BANNIER** ERICH THE DEAD Honecker's linguistic legacy.

14 **DAVID RIEFF** WAR AND PEACE The disquieting quiet of Sarajevo's streets.

16 **NICHOLAS DAWIDOFF** NASHVILLE POSTCARD: VIRTUAL GARTH At country music's Fan Fair.

18 **GERSHOM GORENBERG** LABOR PAINS How health care is shaking up Israeli politics.

20 **CAMILLE PAGLIA** THE WAY SHE WAS Barbra Streisand, on stage and off.

23 **RUTH SHALIT** THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT It's fashionable to knock President Clinton's corps of twenty- and thirtysomethings, but next to the forty- and fiftysomethings, they inspire confidence. In defense of Washington's youth.

32 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: SPEAKING UP FOR SILENCE The seductions of silent film.

33 **BRENT D. SHAW** A GROOM OF ONE'S OWN? *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe* by John Boswell

41 **TIMOTHY GARTON ASH** THE RULES OF THE GAME *Diplomacy* by Henry Kissinger

44 **ANDREW DELBANCO** NECROPOLIS NEWS *The Waterworks* and *Jack London, Hemingway, and the Constitution: Selected Essays, 1977–1992* by E. L. Doctorow

46 **JOHN HOLLANDER** POEM *Figurehead*

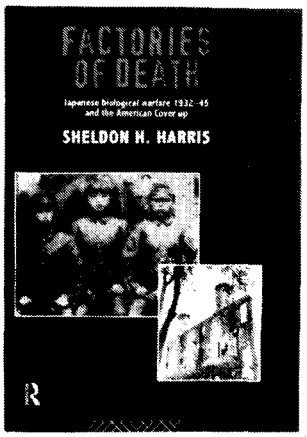
48 **RICHARD PIPES** THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BE KING *The Struggle for Russia* by Boris Yeltsin

50 **MARTIN PERETZ** JERICHO DIARIST: WAITING

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 211, Numbers 3 & 4, Issues 4,148 & 4,149, July 18 & 25, 1994. (Printed in the U.S. on June 29, 1994.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, Aug. 22 & 29, and Sept. 19 & 26, 1994) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1994 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: editors@tnr.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROUTLEDGE



FACTORIES OF DEATH
Japanese Biological Warfare, 1932-1945, and the American Cover Up
Sheldon H. Harris
"Professor Harris's book significantly expands our knowledge of a previously hidden and shameful event of World War Two. This book will be a valuable contribution to our continually enlarging knowledge of human behavior in wartime."
—Charles G. Roland, McMaster University
320 pp $25.00/hb

WHO PAYS FOR THE KIDS?
Gender and the Structures of Constraint
Nancy Folbre
Offering a brilliant synthesis of feminist theory and political economy, ***Who Pays for the Kids?*** explains why modern capitalist economies undervalue children and reinforce inequalities based on gender and age.
Economics as Social Theory
352 pp $18.95/pb

DEVELOPMENT BETRAYED
The End of Progress and a Co-Evolutionary Revisioning of the Future
Richard B. Norgaard
This lively and powerful critique of the ideas behind modern development shows how development has been betrayed by the major tenets of modernity: the control of nature through science, material abundance through technology, and effective government through rational and social organization.
304 pp $18.95/pb

Available at Better Bookstores

29 W 35 ST NY NY 10001

CORRESPONDENCE

Life of the party

To the editors:

Weston Kosova's bludgeoning of Democratic National Committee Chairman David Wilhelm ("The Party's Over," June 20) was as factually incorrect as it was intellectually dishonest. The "twenty-something" Kosova knows little about political parties and political campaigns, and seems determined to advertise that ignorance. His snide elitism mirrors the sanctimonious detachment of the "old" Democratic Party. As a former executive director of the DNC, let me teach TNR, and young Kosova, something about the function of national committees in the American political system.

When a party is out of power, its national chairman is often the leading spokesman for the opposition—a very high-profile job. When a party is in power, its national chairman is expected to be a technician extraordinaire—building the party on the national and state levels, raising significant funds for the party's coffers and laying the groundwork for the next presidential election.

On those counts, Wilhelm earns a solid "A." He came to a DNC that was underfinanced and disorganized. It was not program-oriented and had little hands-on engagement with state party leaders. Little if any national funds were ever transferred to the states, none to the congressional campaign committees. The staff was bloated and salaries were inflated. After the inauguration the national committee, as is typical, became a holding area for political appointees waiting for their permanent positions, further straining the budget.

Through all of this Wilhelm performed without complaint, taking charge. The staff situation has stabilized, fund-raising is at record levels and public mobilization on national health care is underway. The only wrinkle in this progress is a series of losses in special and by-elections. But historically, all over the world, by-elections are forums for the opposition, and in any case their outcomes are not determined by national committees and national issues.

MARK A. SIEGEL
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

If Weston Kosova had interviewed more Democrats who are truly familiar with David Wilhelm and his work, he might have written a more accurate portrayal of what Wilhelm has done for the Democrats. I served as DNC communications director from January 1993 until last month.

I've done a little reporting of my own. Of the "top" DNC staff, Kosova attempted to contact only four, which resulted in one interview with a person who worked for just three months at the DNC and one interview with Celia Fischer about the 1992 presidential campaign. The chief of staff, political director and myself were never contacted for this article. Furthermore, Kosova's statement that "not one of Wilhelm's top ten staffers a year ago is still with the DNC" surely came as a surprise to Minyon Moore, assistant to the chairman for voter education, training and public liaison; Alice Travis, assistant executive director, party and government affairs; Joe Sandler, general counsel; Caren Wilcox, director of business outreach; and Martha Phipps, deputy executive director—all of whom continue to serve the chairman and the party.

Equally troublesome were simple errors in the article. Fisher did not leave the DNC in July, as Kosova reports, but in October, to become communications director of the Peace Corps. Wilhelm's introduction to President Clinton did not occur at a political event; nor was it random luck and timing as the article suggests. They met at a scheduled meeting during a Clinton trip to Chicago because of Governor Clinton's desire to meet like-minded political talent in the Midwest. I know, because I scheduled the meeting.

Lastly, Kosova demonstrates his total lack of understanding of Wilhelm when he says Wilhelm's "attempts at folksiness ring false." Bear with me Mr. Editor, because this is where I really get steamed. For any of his flaws, no one has ever questioned Wilhelm's sincerity, genuineness or earnestness. In a city full of charlatans, he is a straight shooter. That folksy ring happens to be the sound of a genuine guy from the Midwest who believes in something larger than himself—clearly a tone with which Kosova is not familiar.

CATHERINE A. MOORE
Washington, D.C.

Weston Kosova replies:

Mark Siegel reprimands me for factual errors, but does not identify any. Catherine Moore claims that I only contacted four DNC staffers. In fact, only four of the many people who spoke to me chose to reveal themselves to her. Wilhelm himself told me that he met Clinton at "a Chicago political event." Moore's sparse list of staffers who still work for Wilhelm only proves the point of the article. The assistant for voter education and the director of business outreach may still be on the payroll, but the chief of staff, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy director, the political director, the elections director and the director of strategic planning all quit or were fired. One other top staff member quit as well: Wilhelm's communications director, Catherine Moore.

Outrageous miscues

To the editors:

Regarding "Dud Ranch" by Christopher Prawdzik (June 20): many Texans are dismayed at our foreign policy and how it is or is not being carried out, at the disarray in the White House staff, at a health care plan brought to birth without physician involvement in prenatal care. While many of us are proud of the strong performances of Secretaries Lloyd Bentsen and Henry Cisneros, and pleased with the president's first-rate appointments to the Supreme Court, there is a lot more to be done, in actions, in avoiding outrageous miscues and in articulating policy. In my precinct, a dozen of us worked hard to get almost 500 votes for the Clinton/Gore ticket. We could not achieve those numbers if that election were rerun today.

JOHN KEOHANE
Chair, Precinct 1119, Democratic Party
Richardson, Texas

An alien idea

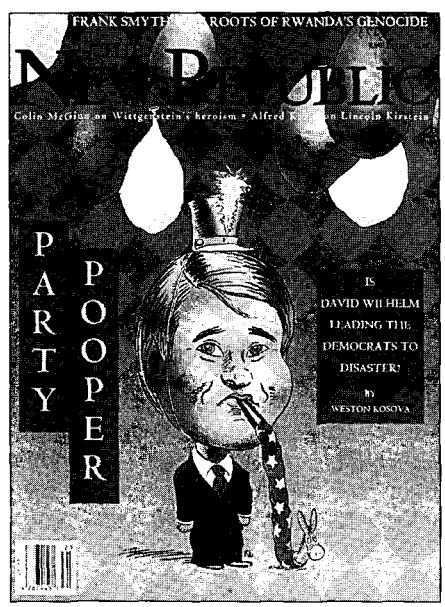
To the editors:

Paul Offner's valiant case against eliminating welfare benefits for noncitizens ("Solid Noncitizens," June 20) does not persuade. Everyone agrees that our welfare system is a disaster; the problem is finding money for reform. One place to find money is within the present welfare system. Those of us in the House Mainstream Forum would finance our welfare plan by reducing Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), Social Security Insurance (SSI), Medicaid and related welfare benefits to new immigrants and other noncitizens.

In its best sense, welfare is not a handout; it is a mutual commitment by the citizens of a nation to see each other through bad patches and provide for the poorest in society. Welfare is part of the bargain that the citizens of this nation (and many others) have made with one another. But the United States has neither the will nor the resources to extend this bargain to the entire world. We have borrowed too much from future generations of Americans already. We must draw a line—and the only line that makes sense is a line drawn by citizenship.

Most immigrants are required to have legal sponsors in order to enter the country. These sponsors, who are often their relatives, agree to help them adjust to America and to prevent them from becoming public charges. Why not make such sponsors live up to their commitment? Even Offner agrees with this reform idea, suggesting that older immigrants not be allowed to apply for SSI benefits so soon and that legal sponsors be responsible for ten years, perhaps even indefinitely, rather than the current three. But why not apply it more broadly? Elderly immigrants are not the only ones required to have legal sponsors; nearly all nonrefugee immigrants must have them.

Over the last ten years, the percentage of immigrants receiving SSI has ballooned from 3 percent to 10 percent. We are creating a new entitlement program that does not even benefit Americans. The House Mainstream Forum's plan, which helps truly needy immigrants while asking others to rely on their sponsors, strikes the right balance between family responsibility and government support—and in the bargain, makes possible the welfare reform that America so desperately needs.



DAVE MCCURDY
United States Representative
Washington, D.C.

Check it out

To the editors:

In "Shot Down," his piece on the marketplace massacre, Charles Lane states that "[Misha] Glenny's version seems based on rumors about a February 10 meeting between UNPROFOR commander Lt. Gen. Michael Rose and Bosnian officials in Sarajevo, during which Rose supposedly threatened to reveal the 'secret report' unless Bosnian officials went to the Sarajevo airport to talk with the Serbs."

Lane may care to know that the "rumors" he refers to were, in fact, based on a lengthy conversation with one of those present at the meeting, which was not with any old "Bosnian officials," but with President Alija Izetbegovic and the deputy commander in chief of the army of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Jovan Divjak. The next time Lane goes to Sarajevo, he can check it out himself. I am, of course, assuming that he travels regularly to the region about which he writes with such conviction.

MISHA GLENNY
Thessaloniki, Greece

Charles Lane replies:

When I spoke with Misha Glenny (whom I respect), he did not supply this information about his sources.

Horrors

To the editors:

C. Vann Woodward's main complaint with Disney's America seems to be that the Disney Company proposes to put a theme park in an area where events of historical interest occurred ("A Mickey Mouse Idea," June 20). It is not that the land where Disney wants to build is a historical spot—but that the general area, sixty miles square, should be off-limits to investment or fun, without the preapproval of a requisite number of historians. By his logic, every gas station, motel and house in that area is a "desecration." This is historic preservation run amok. Woodward and others are concerned that Americans may actually want to go to Disney's America, and, horror or horrors, may enjoy its version of American history. It must be reassuring to some to have the likes of Woodward protecting Americans' sensibilities and leisure choices.

Woodward cites the many brave soldiers who died in the area during the Civil War. Apparently, it never occurred to him that some of those soldiers died to preserve freedom, including the freedom to buy and own property and use it in the manner they deem fit. That's known as free markets and liberty.

ROBERT TEIR
Washington, D.C.

Hellish

To the editors:

Much as I enjoyed the Haldeman satire ("Nixon in Hell" by Sam Johnson and Chris Marcil, June 20), I'd still like to know: What is JFK doing in hell? LBJ I can understand, but why JFK? Can anyone say?

NEIL COPERTINI
San Francisco, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Taint so

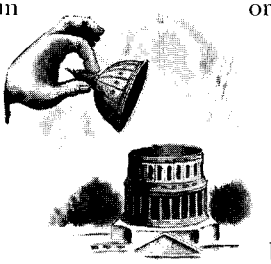
Can O. J. Simpson get a fair trial? That is the question responsible columnists are pondering this week. A Los Angeles judge has already disbanded one grand jury in the Simpson case on the grounds that its members were contaminated by exposure to pretrial publicity. Would the jury at Simpson's trial (if there is one) be any less tainted? "Very questionable," says F. Lee Bailey, one of Simpson's lawyers.

Existing judicial precedents are not encouraging. There is a two-part test. First, unfairness can be "presumed" if (as one appeals court put it) "the community where the trial was held was saturated with prejudicial and inflammatory media publicity about the crime." Hmmmm. The traditional remedy in this situation is to change the venue of the trial. That won't work with Simpson. What venue has escaped saturation?

Even if taint isn't "presumed," there's part two of the test: the defense can show that individual jurors had such "preconceived notions" about guilt that they were unable to lay them aside. "Light impressions" are permitted, Chief Justice John Marshall declared in 1807. Unfortunately, few T.V. viewers have "light impressions" of the Simpson matter. Judges can try to weed out prejudice by asking prospective jurors probing questions, but what if jurors lie about, say, their ability to forget the 911 tapes? On the other hand, simply excluding any citizen who has heard the pretrial buzz would mean that "ignoramuses alone could mete out unsullied justice," as Mark Twain once put it. Remember that 92 percent of the American people told a CBS poll that they followed the Simpson story "*closely*."

Clearly, current policies are inadequate, in cases like this, to guarantee the sort of taint-free trials the law seems to require. A bold new initiative is needed. The conceptual flaw in the existing system should be obvious: it depends on the courts' ability to *find* jurors who have not been biased by pernicious pretrial publicity. Instead, the system should be *producing* such jurors.

A solution follows quite logically from this analysis. Just as the National Park system sets aside lands unpolluted by human commerce, so the jury system could set aside communities unpolluted by media. Americans in these special communities—I prefer the term "jury preserves" to the more colloquial "jury farms"—would lead perfectly normal lives, except in one respect: they would be insulated from all reports of celebrities and sensational events. Then, on the occasion of a hyperpublicized trial such as Simpson's, twelve of this community's adult members could be summoned to the relevant courthouse to render a verdict. They would base their decision entirely on the information presented to them in court, for the simple reason that they would have no other information. They would not even know who O. J. Simpson was.



Think, for a minute, of the obvious advantages of this scheme. There would no longer be any need for lengthy questioning of potential jurors about which news shows they had watched or which papers they had read. All jurors would be sublimely unaware. Yet, unlike jurors who today might be selected because they have never heard of Oliver North or John Hinckley, preserve-bred jurors would be otherwise well-schooled, and would span the full range of intelligence and inquisitiveness.

This reform would also put an end to the dishonest spectacle of lawyers for both sides assiduously leaking information while denouncing their adversaries for "trying the case in the press." Let all sides try their cases in the press! Let them hire P.R. agents and issue daily video press releases. All of this will be riveting, but none of it will taint the verdict because the farm-fresh jurors who actually decide the case will not have heard any of it.

A number of problems might attend the implementation phase of a jury-preserve program, but they could be easily resolved. There is, first, the core question of how much information residents of the preserves could be exposed to. *Geraldo* and *Hard Copy* would be forbidden, of course, and prosecutors would insist on a *Donahue* ban. But some analysts suggest that subscriptions to *The Atlantic Monthly* and selected viewing of the *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* would be permissible. I tend to favor an arrangement similar to that used in television and radio, where broadcasts are delayed for five seconds or so to let censors delete any obscenities. In this case, a delay of approximately three years on all media should be sufficient. During that period, a commission of experts would scan issues of *People* to spot up-and-coming celebrities. Jury-preserve residents would then be protected from all information about such people.

Where would the colonies of jurors be located? In what may be a happy coincidence, the need for some sort of juror-isolation system has become apparent just as the Biosphere 2 experiment has been winding down. Certainly it would be easier to cultivate juror purity in a sealed, glass environment. But the Biosphere facility may not be large enough. Defendants have a right to be tried before a jury that reflects a cross-section of their communities. In order to replicate the range of the typical American metropolitan area, any jury preserve would have to boast a variety of neighborhoods, including a mini-ghetto and perhaps a small, affluent gated enclave. (The mix could be skewed slightly to overbreed the compassionate, anti-authoritarian types preferred by defendants' jury consultants.)

Once adult residents had left the juror colony to participate in one or two sensational trials, of course, they would be contaminated and could not be allowed to return to the preserves. Their entry into normal, media-crazed society could be marked by a special celebration, not unlike a naturalization ceremony, at which they would be showered with lucrative offers from television producers and movie studios eager to obtain their "inside-the-jury-room" stories. By claiming a portion of these fees, the federal government could quickly make the entire jury-preserve system self-financing. (Alternatively, funding could be sought from Walter Annenberg.) Meanwhile, the sons and daughters of the jurors would remain back in their secluded havens, castrati of the information age, awaiting the chance to pursue their calling.

Vested interests will criticize this plan, pointing to the costs of recruiting the first generation of colonists. But of course the real question is whether we can afford *not* to do it. The alternative, after all, is to admit that in cases like Simpson's most of the solemn hand-wringing about the orgy of prejudicial pretrial publicity is (*a*) a cheap way for the defense to generate sympathy and (*b*) a clever way for the respectable press to keep the orgy going. Imagine that.

MICKEY KAUS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 18 & 25, 1994

NOT SO HATA

Remember when we worried that Japan was going to replace us as the world's most powerful economy and eclipse us as the world's political leader? It hardly seems possible now. For the last two years, while the United States has been growing and becoming more competitive in world markets, Japan has been struggling with recession. The Japanese model—export-led growth, carefully orchestrated and subsidized by the cooperative mandarins of industry and bureaucracy—seems not to have been a perpetual-motion machine after all. There is only so much wealth a country can create without letting citizens, as opposed to corporations, share in it. Yet Japan has so far been unable to make the transition from its current economy, which promotes savings, investment and production, to a new, more flexible one that would permit what Japan and its trading partners need: more Japanese spending and private consumption.

This is the economic background to Japan's current political chaos. Just as Japan's postwar economic rebirth depended on protected, government-guided corporate giants, so was its political system built on ritual voter approval of a single party, the Liberal Democrats (LDP). Japan's remarkable political and economic stability was, of course, greatly assisted by the cold war security umbrella of American military power. A friendly, semi-disarmed Japan was the anchor of the U.S. strategy to check the Soviets in Northeast Asia without reviving the threat we defeated in World War II. But the inevitable result of thirty-eight years of quasi-democratic, one-party rule was the corruption and downfall of the LDP.

The conventional wisdom is that Japan's political crisis couldn't be happening at a more inopportune time for the United States. Certainly it has made the task of American diplomats, accustomed to dealing with a predictable and compliant succession of LDP ministers, much more difficult. And certainly the end of the cold war has made the security environment in Northeast Asia more, not less, treacherous. We need a coherent, confident Japanese government as a partner against North Korea's nuclear ambitions. (The Socialists, who will lead a shaky coalition with the LDP, have historically been soft on North Korea.) We also need an interlocutor with whom to coordinate G-7 economic policy, and with whom to negotiate bilateral trade issues.

But the worries about Japan, though legitimate, are a bit overwrought. The currency markets may prove capable, in their implacable way, of easing our trade deficit by driving down the dollar. (A cheaper dollar, for the moment, will have to substitute for the negotiated deals the Clinton administration craves. It may even prove more efficient.) And a case can be made that the political mess in Japan is actually in everyone's long-term interest. Like its former Fascist allies Italy and, to a lesser extent, Germany, Japan's postwar political and economic systems were rendered artificially stable by the cold war threat. In all of these countries there was a fine line between government-business cooperation and government-business parasitism; the political and social consensus imposed by the greater threat of communism, a virtue then, is increasingly a euphemism for the entrenchment of an outmoded political class. Consensus has been a boon to postwar Germany, Japan and Italy, but not an eternal one—a fact that became manifest only after the end of the cold war shook up the old systems.

What we are witnessing now in Tokyo is the inevitable dramatics of a society suddenly learning to accommodate political conflict and competition. The Japanese are taking the first difficult steps toward becoming more politically developed as a nation. The crisis should not be viewed only as a headache for American diplomacy—which it surely is. It is the necessary prelude to economic and political reform, which the last two prime ministers, Tsutomu Hata and Morihiro Hosokawa, attempted to enact against the fierce resistance of old-style corporations, politicians and bureaucrats. The widespread public sentiment in favor of cleaner politics and a consumer-oriented society provides some reason for hope that they will eventually succeed. American goals (a more open Japanese economy, a more active Japanese role in security matters) will be far easier to achieve with a Japan that has modernized and revitalized not only its economy but its democracy. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

SOUTER'S SCORE: We were delighted this week by David Souter's conclusion that the Satmar Hasidic school district in upstate New York represents an unconstitutional fusion of church and state. Anthony Kennedy, even more tantalizingly, suggested that Mario Cuomo's real sin was to draw political boundaries along religious lines, creating an unconstitutional religious gerrymander. (See "Village People," TNR, April 11.) But Kennedy undermined the analogy by conceding the constitutionality of the village of Kiryas Joel itself. The Hasids, in any event, are likely to win in the end: five justices said they thought *Aguilar* v. *Felton* should be overruled. (This was the unfortunate 1985 case that created the mess in the first place: it bars publicly funded classes for the handicapped on parochial school grounds.) Meanwhile, the dissent of Antonin Scalia was comically over-the-top: he called Souter's opinion "astounding"; "unprecedented"; "facile"; "presumptuous"; and "unheard-of"; and said it was created (his italics) "*out of nowhere.*" Souter rose to the occasion and brushed aside Scalia's boilerplate rantings: "Justice Scalia's dissent is certainly the work of a gladiator, but he thrusts at lions of his own imagining." Unless Scalia can modulate his rhetoric, he runs the risk of becoming increasingly marginalized.

THE DOLLAR IS IN CRISIS.
THE DOLLAR CRISIS IS HARD TO EXPLAIN.
DOES ANYONE REALLY UNDERSTAND THE DOLLAR CRISIS?
I MAKE 8,000 OF THEM, MY BOSS MAKES 8,000,000.
TOLES
©1994 THE NEW REPUBLIC
SOMETHING'S OUT OF BALANCE.
TELL ME.

LET'S ELIMINATE THE HEARINGS ENTIRELY: Multiethnic activists have long complained that the racial categories used by the federal government to collect data and enforce civil rights laws are confusing and inaccurate. In response, the Office of Management and Budget is holding three public hearings in July. Under consideration are the following suggestions made by federal employees, social scientists and the activists:

- adding a "multiracial" category ... so that respondents would not be forced to deny part of their heritage
- adding an "other" category...
- providing an open-ended question ...
- combining concepts of race, ethnicity and ancestry
- including Native Hawaiians as a separate category or as part of a "Native American" category ... rather than as part of the "Asian" or "Pacific Islander" category
- adding a "Middle Easterner" category ...
- using "categories for response" that can be decoupled from "categories for reporting data." For example, the categories could permit responses reflecting multiple origins; later these data would be aggregated into reporting categories following a set of standards ...
- [eliminating] race and ethnicity ... entirely

SEPARATE BUT WE ONLY USE EQUAL: "Now a few words about the largest drug addiction in the world, refined (white) sugar. Let me start by saying that it (white refined sugar) has no food value and contains no nutritional value. White sugar is considered an empty carbohydrate, no value! Whenever I mention sugar throughout this article, I'm speaking of white refined sugar."—from "The Bitter Truth About Sugar," in the June 22 issue of *The Final Call*, the Nation of Islam's weekly newspaper

BEAT THIS:

Sweet onion growers expect typical year

—A reminder that readers are invited to submit the most boring headlines they come across. First prize: a year's subscription to TNR.

HAPPY JULY 4: This is a double issue; TNR will not appear next week. The editors will be spending the holiday reflecting on health care reform. From now until Labor Day, Andrew Sullivan will be on a writing leave, completing a book to be published by Alfred A. Knopf next year. While he's away, David Shipley will be assuming his editorial responsibilities. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FLAPJACK FILE

SLEEP RESISTANCE

By Douglas G. McGrath

Sunday, June 19, 1994

Eventually the honeymoon ends for every president. For Flapjack it happened a few minutes after he took his hand off the Bible during the oath of office. Poor guy! Today it's the Woodward book that has everyone in an uproar. Mr. McLarty was so upset that he almost stopped whispering. "I can't believe he says we're a disorganized mess and disagree about everything," he said. Mr. Begala disagreed that Woodward said that and Mr. Mack couldn't prove him wrong because he couldn't find his copy of the book. Ms. Rivlin offered hers, but there was chicken salad all over it.

"Hey," Flap said, "I know what y'all are worried about: first that I will take Bob Woodward's criticism seriously and second that I will respond by firing or shuffling people around. Y'all, please, don't sweat about that. I am not moving anyone and you can count on that like a campaign promise." There was a gasp and he glared at them. "I didn't mean one of *my* campaign promises!"

After they left, Flap channel-surfed. He was flipping between a dramatization of John Kenneth Galbraith's college thesis on PBS and the girls' volleyball finals on ESPN, but by accident got Jerry Falwell. Falwell was saying, "Christian voters, this videotape tells the truth about Clinton's sexual escapades, his shady finances and the shocking new evidence that *he* killed O. J. Simpson's wife just to keep his affair with her quiet! And we have proof that this is true because we filmed someone saying it!"

To calm down, Flap did some shots of Tequila with Yoo-hoo chasers. Just as he seemed O.K., his wife, the Rod, came in. "Bad news on Korea, Bill," she said. He went white. "Are they buying the videotape?" he asked. She shook her head. "No dear. But you need to spend a whole day with Warren Christopher on this. It looks like they're building a nuclear bomb."

Flap choked on his Yoo-hoo. "That's terrifying," he said, a tear coming to his eye. "A *whole* day?"

Tuesday, June 21

To prep for our day with Mr. Chris, the detail underwent Dullesizing, a rigorous form of sleep resistance training. First, we had to watch a tape of this year's Tony Awards. Any of us awake after that had to name the most boring things we could. Four people fell asleep when someone said, "Margaret Thatcher's Love Diary."

Agent Searle and I made the cut, but nothing quite prepares you. You can see how bad it is as you approach the front steps of Foggy Bottom: people slumped in doorways, and those that are still upright are swaying as if in some kind of trance. Mr. Chris's office is on the seventh floor, right next to a Starbucks.

Mr. Chris has a sign on his desk that says, "After extensive consultations with member groups, interested parties and the U.N., the buck, pending certain final verifications, may stop, but is not limited to stopping, either here, near here or various other locations named or unnamed in this or any other universe." There was a bug crawling on it but, after a second, it fell asleep.

The meeting began with President Carter on speaker phone reporting about his trip to Korea: "Kim is *so* nice! And even though his name is Kim, he doesn't act like a girl at all. He bowed when he met us! He bought Rosalyn's and my book about retirement. That's what I call good faith. And he's smart! You should have heard some of the things he asked about woodworking! Plus, he likes peanuts. I trust this man. And I know world leaders. Don't forget—I was the one to blow the whistle on the Ayatollah. I said, 'Hey, world, watch out for him!' "

Mr. Chris coughed and said, "But that was *after* he had taken dozens of American hostages." Carter said, "Well, I couldn't mistrust him *before* that. He just looked like some kook in a black dress who didn't own a good razor."

Flap: "Did Kim say anything about the nuclear weapons we believe he's building?"

Carter said, "Oh, I didn't want to upset him by mentioning that. But I did tell him how Amy has such bad dreams about them. That should get him. Plus, I said you had stopped pressing for sanctions."

Flap jumped: "But I haven't stopped! We're still pressing for them."

"Exactly," Carter said. "When he sees what a fool I've made of you, think how grateful he'll be to me. That will give me *leverage.* And don't underestimate yourself. He watches a lot of American T.V., and he's afraid of you. He asked if you really killed O. J. Simpson's wife to cover up your affair with her."

Monday, June 27

Flap has made some big changes: Mr. Mack is out, Mr. Panetta is in, Ms. Rivlin is up and Mr. Gergy is over. "I hope this fixes everything—*especially* at State," Flap said to the Rod, as they looked through a book of hairstyles to find something new for her. " 'Cause I gotta tell you, Hil, this war talk with Korea scares me." He bit his lip and turned to page 500. "I'm a domestic policy man. The best book I read last year was Sam Wilson's gripping *Legislative Strategies on Agricultural Subsidy Reduction: One Man's Plan.* I won't know what to do in a war."

"After what we've been through in Washington?" she asked. "It's nothing *but* war. You deal with Korea just as you have with every low, cheesy charge we've had to face."

Flap shrugged and took her hand. "If you think that's the best way, Hil, I'll try it," he said. "But personally, I don't think we can afford another lawyer!"

DOUGLAS G. MCGRATH is a frequent TNR contributor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG MACK

By Fred Barnes

The book on Mack McLarty—that he's nice to a fault, a Washington neophyte, painfully cautious—turns out to be wrong. In his last act as White House chief of staff, McLarty pulled off a palace coup, cleverly playing the insider game of which he was supposedly incapable. He not only preserved his position at President Clinton's side, but installed his favorite candidate, Leon Panetta, as his successor and found a prominent role for his ally, David Gergen. And he did it all with no leaks. McLarty's foes, including Clinton's outside political advisers (James Carville, etc.) and the liberal purists at the White House (Harold Ickes, Susan Thomases) were caught by surprise. "It was a three-cushion bank shot by a guy who was told by the conventional wisdom he didn't know how to play pool," says a White House official.

Staff shakeups at the White House are a zero-sum game. This time centrists gained and liberals lost, and age triumphed over youth. McLarty's co-conspirators were Gergen and Vice President Al Gore. Those three, along with Panetta, comprise the moderate-leaning, older faction at the White House. They're more disposed to a quick health care compromise, deficit reduction, bipartisanship, overtures to the business community and so on. The political consultants loathe this approach, but they'll have less clout at the White House now. Panetta has clashed with them before (on economic policy in 1993) and prevailed. The cluster of liberals isn't crazy about Panetta either. But they didn't have time to promote an alternative.

The staff changes were finalized over the weekend of June 25-26, which Clinton spent at Camp David, but McLarty and Gergen had begun concocting the shakeup months earlier. McLarty dropped by Gergen's office in early spring for a long talk about White House operations. McLarty said he was thinking about stepping down as chief of staff. He was wrong for the job, inexperienced in working with Congress and ill-suited to crack the whip on White House aides or Clinton himself. But a change was needed since Clinton's presidency was fraying. McLarty suggested Panetta, the budget director, as chief of staff. Gergen liked the idea. Ickes, the deputy chief of staff, wasn't considered.

The move to Panetta picked up speed in late May when McLarty raised the idea with Clinton. Then, in early June, during his trip to Normandy, the President and Panetta discussed a possible restructuring of the staff. But Panetta wasn't offered the chief's job until he and Gore went to Camp David on Saturday, June 25. By that time, "Gore was very much in the middle, driving this," says a White House official. Gore had held separate talks with McLarty, Gergen and Panetta. After getting Clinton's assurance that he'd have full authority over the staff, Panetta said yes. His model as chief of staff, Panetta confessed later, is Republican James Baker, Reagan's man. "He had the full trust and confidence of the President, and he ran a tight ship," Panetta said.

McLarty adroitly escaped the normal Washington ritual for departing chiefs of staff. "His head is not being carried around on a pole," notes an aide. Clinton, announcing McLarty's new position as counselor, made it sound like a promotion. "His new role will permit him to spend much more time as my personal representative to the people who are so important to the success of this administration's efforts—Democrats and Republicans in Congress, constituent groups of all kinds, friends who helped to bring me to the White House," Clinton said. "In addition, I am asking him to assume greater responsibility in shepherding our legislative program through Congress ... and help lay the groundwork for summits this year with the Latin and Asian leaders." Translation: McLarty will move his office closer to Clinton's, spend more time alone with the president in the Oval Office and schmooze Democratic moderates and business leaders.

Finding a place for Gergen was a nifty trick. Gergen had decided to resign at the end of the congressional session in October. Months earlier, he and McLarty had talked about a temporary foreign policy role, if only so Gergen wouldn't have to participate in this fall's congressional campaign against Republicans. McLarty raised it again in mid-June. Gergen wasn't sure it would work, given the critics he'd generated inside the administration, but McLarty and Gore pushed the idea. The final hurdle was national security adviser Anthony Lake. McLarty checked with Lake, then called Gergen around midnight Sunday, June 26. "I've got good news," he said. Lake was on board. Thus, Gergen now joins Secretary of State Warren Christopher's inner circle while keeping a White House office.

There's a larger question in the shakeup: Will it revive the Clinton presidency? Don't count on it. Panetta can't rescue the faltering Clinton health care plan, nor make Clinton's foreign policy coherent. I doubt he'll be able to change Clinton, who's the real problem. Clinton has trouble making decisions and sticking to them. I asked Gergen, who has worked in four White House administrations dating back to 1969, if a new chief of staff had ever saved a presidency. He cited Al Haig, who replaced H. R. Haldeman in the Nixon White House, and Dick Cheney, successor to Don Rumsfeld as Gerald Ford's chief of staff, as "very impressive guys" who'd helped their bosses. Trouble was, Nixon soon resigned and Ford was voted out of office. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pining for the old days in Germany.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

By Margaret Talbot

When you walk into the crowded grocery store called Ost-Kost in the Prenzlauerberg section of East Berlin, you enter a cold war never-never land. Ost-Kost sells products made in what was once the German Democratic Republic, unseductively packaged stuff that East Germans remember from their childhoods and can't find in newer, flashier stores. White soap called "White Soap." Club Cola, the anti-Coke, made by the "People's Own Company" in Leipzig. Pickled *wurstchen* (sausage) from the East German heartland of Thuringia. Parchmentlike cocktail napkins that say *Prost* ("Cheers") and *Na Zdorovye* ("To your health") and, in an awkward nod to internationalism, "Cheerio."

Stores like Ost-Kost are springing up all over the former East Germany, catering to a growing nostalgia for everyday life in the GDR that goes by the name *ostalgie.* Consumer preference is just one manifestation of this fond reversion to things past, but it's a striking one. Little by little, since the advent of a single German currency, East Germans have returned to old buying habits: more than 80 percent of them now say they prefer to buy East German products whenever they can. And any number of companies, most of them owned by Westerners, have developed ad campaigns that play to a longing for the walled-off past or to a kind of defensive East German identity: "Hurrah, I'm still alive. Club Cola. Our Cola." "I smoke Juwel because the sun still always rises in the East." "Beer from Here."

Philip Morris, which owns the former GDR cigarette brand F6, has been particularly solicitous of the East German ego. Unlike the manufacturers of Cabinet cigarettes, another cold war-era brand that is its leading competitor in the East, Philip Morris decided to preserve F6's familiar taste and packaging. The result is that Cabinet has steadily lost customers, while F6 has become the best-selling cigarette in the new German states (even racking up higher sales than such Western newcomers as Marlboro). As one of Philip Morris's marketing memos puts it, F6 represents "a piece of East German cultural history and constitutes a meaningful part of the formation of identity for the citizens of the new federal states." The ad strategy for F6, the memo declares,

Erich the Dead

When Erich Honecker died on May 29, he was correctly memorialized as the man who supervised the construction of the Berlin Wall and then gave the infamous "shoot to kill" order aimed at anyone who tried to cross it. Yet the crime that most grated on me in everyday life was his grand larceny of the German language. Through impoverished, cliché-spattered speeches and dogmatic commentaries in the Communist Party newspaper (always signed "E. H."), this man of astonishingly modest intellect reminded us by his very mediocrity of expression that we had not chosen him to lead us.

Honecker-speak pervaded our lives, wearing down our resistance to the system. We absorbed slogans such as "Firm Forward Path for the Further Development of the Main Aims of the Unity of Social and Economic Policy." We endowed with meaning hundreds of bizarre abbreviations—ODF, for *Opfer des Faschismus* (Victims of Fascism); WIKO, for *Wissenschaftlicher Komunismus* (Scientific Communism). Accepting and speaking this language was the key to a comfortable life. Anyone who didn't had no hope of getting the job he wanted; indeed, any letter to an official body that wasn't signed "With Socialist Greetings" was likely to go unanswered. Through this strange process of adaptation many actually came to accept their helplessness. The language of East German communism could be as calming as it was implausible. After all, a similar style of totalitarian expression, that of Nazism, remained lodged in the country's collective unconscious.

The real enthusiasts carried their identification with Honecker to ridiculous extremes. During Honecker's tenure, retouched photographs of him hung in every state office. He beamed down with his artificially smooth features and simple smile, looking forever as he had when he took over the country in 1971. The photos served as models for tens of thousands of party members who got similar haircuts and wore copycat glasses. For the rest of us, it was the omnipresent fear of nonconformity, of the forbidden, that caused children to sit a certain way in their seats and changed the way people walked. My West German friends say that even today they can spot a former East German just by his or her gait.

This subtle yet profound difference among Germans is largely due to the education a generation of Easterners received under Honecker—an education that condemned us to a life of inarticulateness and paralysis and the memory that embarrasses us now. The "Ossi," the Westerners' label for the stereotypical post-unification Easterner—misunderstood, dependent, spiteful—may be Honecker's most enduring legacy.

"E. H." actually thought he was creating a new Socialist man. "Isn't it lovely here?" was his favorite phrase, uttered in his curiously broken voice five or six times in a row when he would appear on the T.V. show "Current Camera." Putting his proclaimed affinity for the working class into action, he would stroll through factories newly painted for his visit, shaking hands with Comrade Shop Floor Manager, and saying again, "Isn't it lovely here?" He really couldn't seem to think of anything else to say, and this was the key to the nation's dilemma: following his lead, it came to be considered indecent for anything more to occur to anybody else, either.

CATARINA KENNEDY-BANNIER

Catarina Kennedy-Bannier is a journalist with *Der Tagesspiegel* in Berlin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

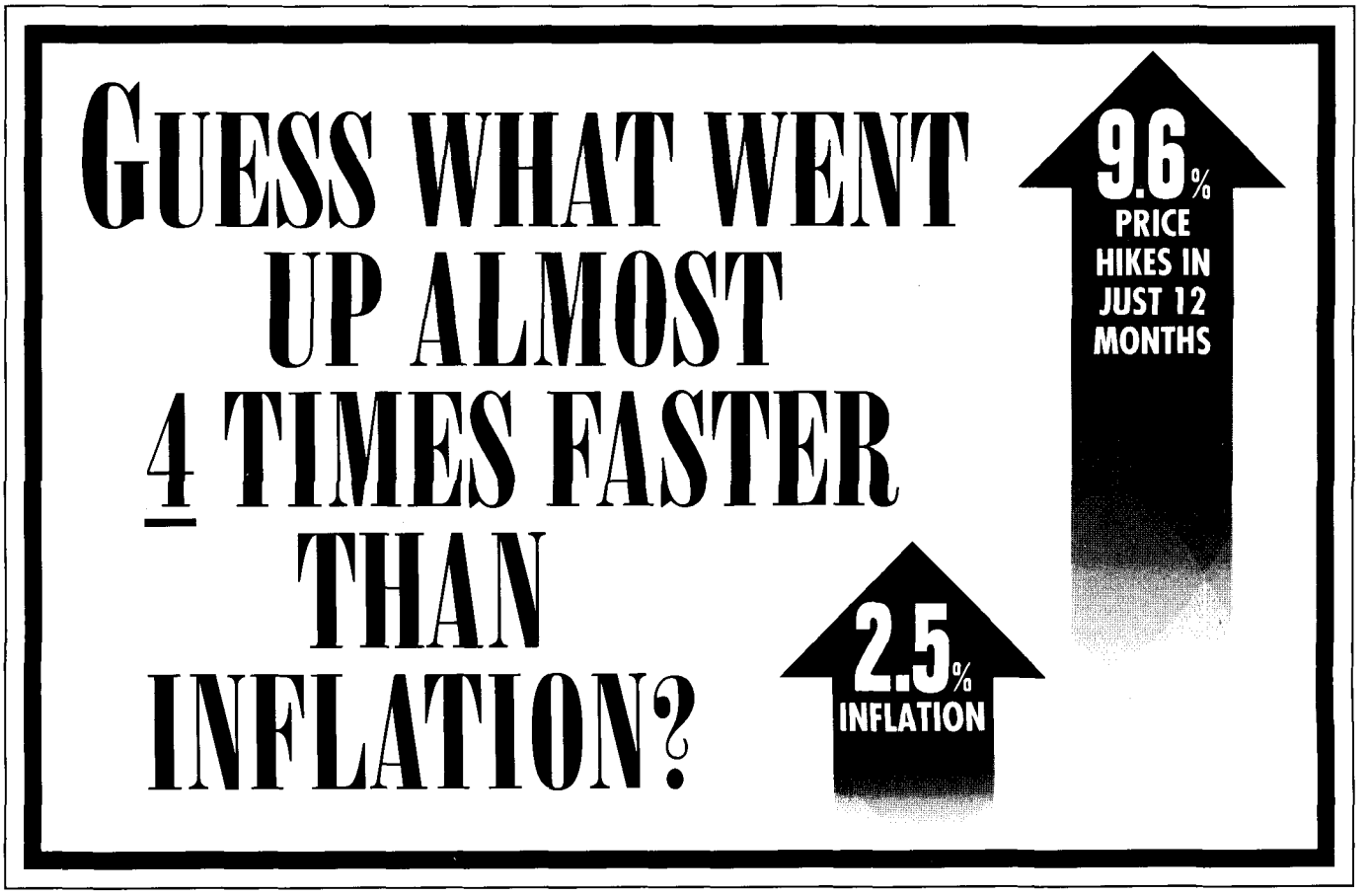
should confirm the sense East Germans have that "many things in the GDR weren't so bad and even today have the right to exist."

The *ostalgie* wave has churned up all kinds of cultural detritus. Clubs in cities like Dresden, Leipzig and Berlin are putting on disco parties featuring back-from-the-undead GDR bands, Erich Honecker look-alikes as M.C.s and plenty of the East German sparkling wine called Rot-Kappchen. (At one such party in Dresden, 2,500 people turned up; anyone wearing the blue uniforms of the Free German Youth, the old state youth organization, got in free.) The *Jugendweihe*, the anti-clerical confirmation ceremony that was once the central ritual of Communist liturgy in the GDR, is making a comeback (albeit purged of its vows to the Socialist state): 74,000 14-year-olds went through the ceremony in 1994, compared with 50,000 in 1991. Screenings of East German movies like *The Legend of Paul and Paula* (1973), a love story about a shop girl and a party boss, are pulling in enthusiastic audiences.

Likewise, rock groups that enjoyed official favor in the GDR and were never expected to survive the invasion of rap and grunge are suddenly selling again. Some of their new C.D.s—with names like *Das waren unsere Hits*—are compilations from the golden years of Bloc rock. Others are new efforts from old standbys like Veronika Fischer and the Puhdys, who tunefully evoke the traumas of unification. "It was a land / It was my land," sings the frosted-blonde Fischer with a sob. "But it disappeared from one day to another / So fast that nobody can get it back again / I loved it, I hated it / I loved it, I hated it ... / and now all that's left is the dream on which it stood."

To the American observer, to anyone who remembers those scenes of euphoria on the Berlin Wall, the sentimentalization of the GDR seems more than a little peculiar. Could anyone other than Honecker's family and a few of his boar-hunting apparatchiks really miss a state that spied on one-quarter of its citizens, that maintained contingency plans for interning "hostile—negative elements," that could ensure its people's loyalty only with miles and miles of barbed wire and concrete? *Ostalgic* East Germans, however, often make a distinction: "It's not the GDR that we defend," says singer Barbara Thalheim. "It's our life in the GDR."

More than anything else, though, *ostalgie* is a symptom of the persistent differences between East and West Germans and of their growing resentment of one another. Three years ago the West German writer Peter Schneider wondered if the severed halves of Germany would turn out to be like those twins separated at birth who grow up to display uncannily similar traits and tastes—if reunified Germany, in other words, would turn out to be a kind of brief for nature over nurture. At the moment it looks as if nurture is winning out. A recent survey of East German attitudes conducted by market researchers Peter Dietrich and Uta Freising found that almost four years after unification "the picture that East Germans have of West Germans is so negative that the word disapproval really doesn't describe it. Hatred would be more



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

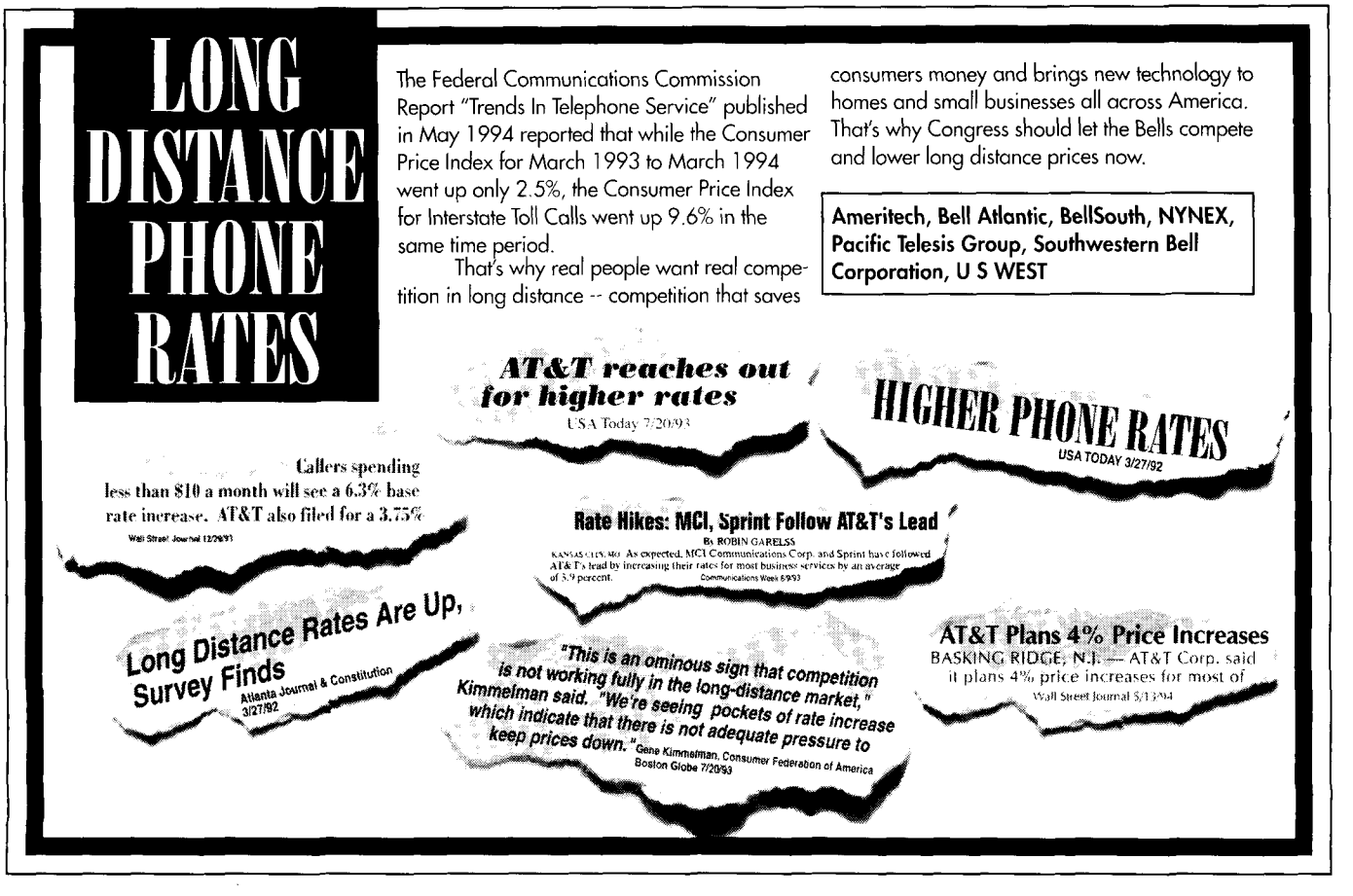
like it." Only 4 percent of the 200 East Germans Dietrich and Freising interviewed mentioned democracy as a "positive change" brought about by unification; 75 percent felt the struggle to find and keep a job made life much harder than it had been in the GDR. "West Germans seem to us so competitive, so self-involved, concerned only with getting ahead," says Erika Goletz, a psychiatrist in East Berlin who specializes in treating what might be called "unification sickness." "In the GDR there was so much emphasis on the collective. And many of my patients miss that."

They miss it all the more when they see that the economic landscape of East Germany has failed to "bloom" as Chancellor Helmut Kohl promised it would in his campaign speeches of 1990. Officially, unemployment in the East stands at 16 percent (double that in the West); unofficially, it may be as high as 30 percent. Many more East Germans now enjoy material comforts in the form of T.V.s and VCRs and stereos, but it will clearly be a long time—some economists say at least a decade—before the East German economy catches up to the West's.

Of course, the citizens of the former GDR need not have believed Kohl's promises, but believe they did, and many are now bitterly disappointed. In some East Germans, it seems, the chancellor and the *Wessis* have managed to instill what Honecker and the party chiefs before him never could: a defiant sense of East Germanness. You see it, for example, in 32-year-old Gesine Lohsch, a woman who sits on the Berlin City Council and looks, in her fashionably oversized glasses and miniskirt, far too Eurocool to mess with. Yet Lohsch is sure that "many people in the West just think they're better than us; you can hear it even in the way they say the word *ossi*. So, on our side we've developed a feeling, a special East German identity. It's in our values; it's in what we buy. Back in the '60s [East German head of state] Walter Ulbricht tried to declare a GDR identity—and there was a lot of protest from the Party. Now we're finding we really are different."

In Germany, such sentiments are unlikely to translate into electoral triumph for repackaged Communists, as they have in Lithuania, Poland and, most recently, Hungary. Though the Party of Democratic Socialism, the successor party of the East German Communists, has won as much as 25 percent of the vote in local elections in Eastern Germany, current polls give it considerably less in this fall's parliamentary elections. There are those who argue, in fact, that *ostalgie*'s real beneficiaries are on the right: the skinheads and the neo-Nazis. The sociologist Ulrich Becker suggested in *Der Spiegel* that some of the violence against foreigners could amount to a kind of "substitute war" that East and West Germans would really like to wage against one another.

Yet even in the very throes of nostalgia, East Germans may be showing that they've absorbed the lessons of capitalism: you are what you buy. *Ostalgie* has spawned it's own entrepreneurs of regret, businessmen who know how to yank the chords of collective memory. "We're selling a feeling," says the owner of a grocery store chain specializing in Eastern goods. One of the most visionary


LONG DISTANCE PHONE RATES
The Federal Communications Commission Report "Trends In Telephone Service" published in May 1994 reported that while the Consumer Price Index for March 1993 to March 1994 went up only 2.5%, the Consumer Price Index for Interstate Toll Calls went up 9.6% in the same time period.
That's why real people want real competition in long distance -- competition that saves consumers money and brings new technology to homes and small businesses all across America. That's why Congress should let the Bells compete and lower long distance prices now.
Ameritech, Bell Atlantic, BellSouth, NYNEX, Pacific Telesis Group, Southwestern Bell Corporation, U S WEST
AT&T reaches out for higher rates
USA Today 7/20/93
HIGHER PHONE RATES
USA TODAY 3/27/92
Callers spending less than $10 a month will see a 6.3% base rate increase. AT&T also filed for a 3.75%
Wall Street Journal 12/29/93
Rate Hikes: MCI, Sprint Follow AT&T's Lead
By ROBIN GARELSS
KANSAS CITY, Mo. As expected, MCI Communications Corp. and Sprint have followed AT&T's lead by increasing their rates for most business services by an average of 3.9 percent.
Communications Week 8/9/93
Long Distance Rates Are Up, Survey Finds
Atlanta Journal & Constitution 3/27/92
"This is an ominous sign that competition is not working fully in the long-distance market," Kimmelman said. "We're seeing pockets of rate increase which indicate that there is not adequate pressure to keep prices down." Gene Kimmelman, Consumer Federation of America
Boston Globe 7/20/93
AT&T Plans 4% Price Increases
BASKING RIDGE, N.J. — AT&T Corp. said it plans 4% price increases for most of
Wall Street Journal 8/13/94

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of these entrepreneurs is a 28-year-old concert promoter from East Germany named Frank Georgi. For some time now Georgi has been peddling his idea for a GDR theme park that he'd like to call "Ost Zone." The blueprint calls for a GDR re-created in miniature, complete with barbed wire and guard dogs, Soviet "soldiers," May Day parades, East German propaganda films and scratchy toilet paper in the bathrooms. Georgi tells the press here that Ost Zone will be an amusement park that doubles as "a monument to the past." As he explained in one interview: "Somehow you miss East Germany. It's not that you want it back exactly, but it was home."

MARGARET TALBOT is editor-at-large of *Lingua Franca.*

The cease-fire in Sarajevo holds—for now.

WAR AND PEACE

By David Rieff

To anyone who spent much time in Sarajevo before the cease-fire, returning to the city comes as something of a shock. For openers, one can walk around. Since the Serb siege began in April 1992 this is an activity that Sarajevans have undertaken only out of necessity—most often to get food and water—and it has cost many of them their lives. Almost as startling is the fact that a city that was once more expensive than Tokyo is now relatively cheap. When I left Sarajevo at the end of January, a kilogram of coffee cost eighty deutsche marks (D.M.), a pack of local cigarettes went for six marks and an egg cost five marks. Now coffee sells for around fifteen D.M., cigarettes are a mark and a half and a dozen eggs cost seven D.M. And, for the moment at least, prices are still falling. You see bananas in the marketplace and potatoes and half-eaten ends of bread in the garbage.

Although the recently reopened road connecting the Bosnian capital with Bosnian-controlled territory on the other side of the Sarajevo airport is little more than what in the United States would be called a farm route, at present it is jammed with private commercial traffic. It is generally agreed that some 800 private convoys have made the journey from the Dalmatian coast to Sarajevo since the February cease-fire. In part, this is because of a miscalculation by Sarajevo's black marketeers, who apparently reckoned that since every commodity had cost so much during the siege, prices would somehow remain just as high once they could bring in more. Instead, an oversupply was created, and prices fell.

The result is that on the streets of the city, one sees all sorts of foodstuffs (and clothes and consumer goods) at prices that are often cheaper than those in Zagreb, let alone in Serbia. Some, like the shiny new cars that have begun to reappear on Sarajevo's streets, almost certainly were in storage throughout the siege. With every week, at least a semblance of normalcy is being restored to Sarajevo. Once, it was an oddity for there to be silence for more than a short time; now, a burst of automatic weapons fire—for so long the unremarkable background noise of life in the city—is exceptional.

Many people, myself included, have been appalled and disgusted by the policy of the United Nations in Bosnia, believing that the presence of both the Blue Helmets and the humanitarian relief workers has served as a fig leaf for the refusal of the great powers to do anything to prevent the genocide of the Bosnian Muslims and the destruction of the Bosnian state. Yet even we have to admit that U.N. Protection Forces (UNPROFOR) troops have finally begun to improve the lives of Sarajevans. UNPROFOR soldiers are collecting the garbage and repairing the city's tramlines and electric grid. (Most Sarajevans now have some electricity, whereas during the first two years of the fighting most did not.) More important, the soldiers stand guard at key points in the city that used to be free-fire zones for Serb snipers.

Not that the fighting has stopped. Peace is a relative term in Sarajevo. In the four months of the cease-fire, according to doctors at the city's Kosevo Hospital, at least forty people have been killed by Serb snipers and more than 100 have been wounded. But compared to the more than 10,000 who died in the first two years of the siege, the toll of late has been low. Indeed, some Bosnian government officials fear that ordinary Sarajevans have come to take the absence of war so much for granted that if the shelling were to resume again, even for a day, hundreds of pedestrians newly crowding the streets would be killed or injured in the first salvos.

Sarajevans are adapting to the peace as quickly and as resolutely as they did to the shelling and the sniping. Only this time they are applying their ingenuity to the restoration of a civilian environment, albeit a peculiar one. Not a day seems to go by without a new café opening up. In Bascarcija, the old Ottoman center of the city, the owners of the stores that once catered to tourists have unshuttered their shop windows and sit in the summer sun as if expecting business to begin again. Young lovers cuddle together in the parks, and when one sees children running it is after an errant soccer ball—not, as before, in an effort to escape an exploding mortar bomb. Sarajevo is still in ruins, of course, but the people strolling the streets behave almost as if they were in Saint Tropez or Piraeus rather than in a destroyed city that is still under siege.

Indeed, the more one insists on thinking in the present rather than the future tense, as so many ordinary Sarajevans have come to do, the more what is happen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST POWERFUL COMPACT RADIO IN THE WORLD!

First and ONLY world band with award-winning vertical design. Measures approximately 7⅜" x 4½" x 1⅝", with built-in stand and retractable ferrite antenna.

©1994 MBI

THE GRUNDIG YB-500
FM/AM Shortwave Receiver

Listen! Here is the BIG BREAKTHROUGH in powerful performance and design. Not in stores. . .Now available to you in the U.S.A. from Willabee & Ward. No other compact radio packs all these powerful features.

▲ POWERFUL RECEPTION. The Grundig YB-500 **does it all:** pulls in AM, FM, FM stereo, **every** SHORTWAVE band. All with lock-on digital precision.

▲ POWERFUL SOUND. Exclusive Audio Power Boost — found on no other world band radio — gives the YB-500 big, rich, room-filling legendary Grundig sound.

Powerful Features.

Power scan! The YB-500 has continuous power scan on shortwave — stops at every signal and lets you listen. When you hear a broadcast you want, you tell the radio to stop. Only Grundig has this feature.

Power timing features! The YB-500 can send you to sleep on FM, wake you with weather on AM, then switch you to BBC shortwave. Even shuts itself off. Elsewhere, you'd pay $500 for these features.

Powerful Memory.

The BBC and *all* major world broadcasters are pre-set for instant retrieval. You can add 40 more stations on any band and display call letters for reference. No other radio at this price offers such powerful memory.

Also has instant keypad access to all frequencies. Illuminated, adjustable LED display for bedside use. Advanced RDS FM station information display. It will be years before other makers catch up with the YB-500. But it is available today from Willabee & Ward.

Powerful Value.

The Grundig YB-500 is only $299 (plus $9.50 shipping and handling), payable in eight monthly credit card installments of $38.56. Includes 4 AA batteries, deluxe travel pouch, stereo headphones, owner's manual, and Grundig's shortwave listening guide. INTRODUCTORY OFFER: ORDER NOW AND GET A FREE DUAL-VOLTAGE INTERNATIONAL ADAPTER!

Grundig 1-year warranty on parts and labor. 30-day money back guarantee. Grundig is to radios what BMW and Mercedes are to cars. European look! European sound! European quality! Order now!

Phone orders normally shipped next business day.

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534
Extension 697-436

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534
Extension 697-436

Please send me _____ Grundig YB-500 Digital All-Band Shortwave Receiver(s). For each receiver, charge eight installments of $38.56* to my credit card:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date

Name _____
Please Print Clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(Orders subject to acceptance.)

☐ I prefer not to pay by credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $299 plus $9.50 shipping/handling, a total of $308.50* for each receiver.

**Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Higher shipping/handling outside U.S.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing in the city seems like an unqualified improvement. As far as the future is concerned, however, there is plenty to be apprehensive about. The United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR) has reduced its relief effort in the city. John Fawcett, a Canadian relief expert who has been in Sarajevo on and off for almost two years, says there has been no serious attempt to stockpile the kind of fuel people will need next winter. And the Serbs could cut Sarajevo's tenuous lifeline at any moment, at which point the city would again be all but entirely dependent on aid from the UNHCR. In any case, when winter comes the road will become impassable a good part of the time, even if the Serbs hold their fire.

And this they are unlikely to do, Bosnians and foreign aid workers alike seem to agree, since by fall the war is almost certain to have begun again in earnest. Whatever hope for a final settlement is held out by officials from UNPROFOR or the so-called contact group of Britain, France, Russia and the United States, most Bosnians believe that the cease-fire is only a prelude to more fighting. Already in Central Bosnia, Bosnian government troops under the command of Gen. Mechmet Aligic, a former tank officer in the Jugoslav National Army, are nibbling away at Serb positions around Mount Blasic. Aligic has what must be called a pragmatic view of cease-fires: for him, they mean open roads through which trucks laden with weapons can travel freely.

Commanders such as Aligic are often cited by U.N. officials as being the main obstacles to peace. UNPROFOR commander Lt. Gen. Michael Rose, in particular, is said to be outraged by Aligic's intransigence, but as has been the case so often, the U.N. is indulging once more in its favorite sport: blaming the victims. They are right, of course, to insist that if only the Bosnians would accept the partition plan the contact group is now offering, the fighting would stop and the kinds of humanitarian gains that are evident in Sarajevo could be extended to much of the rest of Bosnia. And, from a strictly humanitarian point of view, the Bosnian government's refusal to accept maps based on ethnic cleansing, and its continuing resistance, was always the problem. Many U.N. officials do not understand why the Bosnians don't surrender and make life easy for themselves, just as a British officer like Rose does not understand why a fighter like Aligic not only goes on resisting but goes on the offensive when the odds are so clearly against him.

The answer is to be found in northern Bosnia, in the area along the Croatian border known as the Bosanska Krajina, one of the first taken by the Bosnian Serbs. It was there, near the cities of Banja Luka and Priejdor, that the secret Serb concentration camps of Manaca, Omarska and Trnopolje were located. And it was in this region—once home to almost 600,000 Bosnian Muslims—where some of the worst ethnic cleansing took place. By the start of 1994 only a little more than 50,000 non-Serbs remained. In the past few months these people have been forced out at a rate, according to the UNHCR, of almost 500 people per week. In other words, whatever the negotiators and the U.N. officials may wish to believe, or wish the world to believe, the genocide of the Bosnian Muslims has not abated. To the contrary, in Serb-controlled areas it is being stepped up.

If anything, Sarajevo has become a Bosnian Potemkin village writ large and underwritten by the U.N. for its own purposes. There were always two "free" Bosnias—Sarajevo and the rest of the country—but, if anything, improvement in conditions in the capital has only made the divide deeper and more apparent. It is safe to predict that the longer things in Sarajevo continue to improve, the more its citizens are likely to support an end to the war at almost any price. But in Central Bosnia, which is once again deluged by legions of destitute Muslim refugees bearing their tales of evil and atrocity, the only peace most people want is the vengeful kind that comes with victory. And they are beginning to believe it is within their grasp, whatever their fellow citizens in Sarajevo are feeling, and no matter how often UNPROFOR officers tell them the Bosnian cause is lost.

DAVID RIEFF's book on the Bosnian war, *Slaughterhouse*, will be published next winter by Simon & Schuster.

NASHVILLE POSTCARD

VIRTUAL GARTH

By Nicholas Dawidoff

"We specifically came here to meet Garth; that was our main purpose," said Chris Lowe, a middle-aged woman with four Garth Brooks pins on her cap, a Garth Brooks keychain in her purse and a very understanding husband named Darrell at her side. The Lowes had driven sixteen hours straight from Sioux City, Iowa, where she works at a Target discount department store and he in a pork packing plant, to Nashville, the city of country. Here they joined 24,000 other fans from all fifty states who had plunked down $80 apiece for the privilege of spending a week at the Tennessee State Fairgrounds listening to music and mingling with many of country music's biggest stars at the annual Fan Fair. Wynonna Judd appeared at Fan Fair. So did Billy Ray Cyrus, Tanya Tucker, Travis Tritt, Alan Jackson, Clint Black and Trisha Yearwood. At the Garth Brooks booth, however, there was only a life-sized cardboard replica of the best-selling singer in the world,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along with a worn pair of his boots, one of his blue, western-style shirts and a black Stetson. Brooks himself was resting back at home in Oklahoma. His fans were encouraged to slip into his clothes and have their photograph taken with the virtual Garth. They could also videotape a message to him that his fan club officials promised would be forwarded.

The fealty of country music fans to their favorite stars is as strong as old-time religion. At a previous Fan Fair, a woman waiting in line to meet Brooks suffered a heart attack. She refused to allow the paramedics to take her to the hospital until she got Brooks's autograph. This year Brooks fans at Fan Fair were enduring his absence more gracefully. "We're sorry he's not here," Lowe said. "One of his songs, 'The River,' changed my life. I used to have panic attacks. That's when you're afraid to go far from your home. In 'The River' he says, 'Don't sit upon the shoreline and say you're satisfied / Choose to chance the rapids and dare to dance the tide.' I came 825 miles to Nashville two years ago because of that song. That's when I met Garth. I waited seventeen hours in line for him. I gave up my motel room and slept on the cement. I was a captive for more than thirty years. Now I'm free, and 'The River' is the reason why."

In the past few years, as most people know, country has become the most popular music in America. More than 41 percent of the U.S. population now tunes in to country music on the radio, much of it broadcast on the nation's 2,427 all-country stations. Five of Billboard's top fifteen best-selling 1993 artists were country singers. But if nearly everybody is listening to country music these days, the country vanguard remains the white-skinned, blue-collar types who grew up eating turnip greens at the Cracker Barrel and listening to the Louisiana Hayride. Fan Fair is their revival meeting.

This year, Travis Tritt, a pot-bellied, hirsute, former air conditioner repairman from Marietta, Georgia, sat inside the sound hole of a black, twenty-foot-long guitar greeting a long, mostly female line of fans. All were equipped with photographs of Tritt for him to sign and cameras to snap new ones. Many were cooing, "He's so pretty," as they waited. What did Shea Rupke, who works for a Seattle fishing company, talk about in her one minute with the singer of "Here's a Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares"? "He asked me if it was raining out there," she said. "I told him, 'No, but I'd wait even if it was.' That was it! Didn't even have any more time with him." Tritt says that sometimes the exchanges do become more intimate. "They tell me personal stories about how much my music means to them, about their daughter who was in a coma, heard my music and came out of it, or 'I've just been through a horrible divorce and your music helped me through it.' It lets you know you made a difference."

Elsewhere, Alan Jackson, a one-time K-Mart employee whose most recent album, *A Lot About Livin' and a Little 'Bout Love,* has gone quadruple platinum, stood in a booth designed to look like the village of Mayberry from "The Andy Griffith Show." Jackson's signature was in such demand that he may one day meet the fate of the Kentucky singer Tom T. Hall, who has twice suffered carpal tunnel syndrome from signing too many autographs. Around the bend, Trisha Yearwood waited inside her booth, a small recording studio where her fans could accompany her in a quick rendition of her first No. 1 single, "She's in Love with the Boy." Yearwood was married recently, and fans presented her with wedding gifts. As each person left the booth, Yearwood gave them a tape of their effort. "I kind of sing the song in my sleep," she said.

Across the way, Marty Brown, the towheaded 28-year-old son of tobacco pullers from Maceo, Kentucky, was signing and smiling in front of his booth, Marty's Bait Shop. "I been doin' this sangin' thing since I was 12 years old," said Brown, a vintage country boy who likes rabbit hunting and catfish fishing and speaks as though he has a mouth full of crickets. Julie Roop, a Blacksburg, Virginia, hospital worker, was waiting in line to meet him. "Marty started out like we did," she said. "Common folk. He was dirt poor. Seein' him work really hard to get where he is now, we're proud of him."

Less successful performers were on hand, too. Bonnie Nelson, a voluptuous singer who has performed on the Grand Ole Opry but these days travels the county fair circuit, was making brief video clips in front of a movie camera with her fans, most of them portly males whose filmic debuts consisted of mad make-out scenes with Nelson. Meanwhile, the crowd to see Tim McGraw, whose latest single, a sappy ballad titled, "Don't Take the Girl," is shooting up the Billboard charts, was so large that it spilled in front of an adjoining booth belonging to Michael Dillon. Dillon had on black stretch pants tucked into a pair of black cowboy boots and a suitably garish black and white jacket, but, alas, he had neither visitors nor a record contract. "It embarrasses him a lot to come here," said Dillon's wife, Linda Mitchell, who sews her husband's costumes for him. How long has Dillon been in the business? "Too long," he said.

Mostly, though, Fan Fair is about big stars. Sweating in the Marty Stuart line was Keith Ray, an Atlanta factory worker. Ray had with him a pink Fender electric guitar already filigreed with two Stuart autographs. Why did he need to wait under the beating sun for hours to receive another? "Maybe after a while, he'll get to know me, and when he's settin' around havin' a little jam session, I'll get to pick with him," Ray explained.

Stuart left his home in Philadelphia, Mississippi, at age 13 to play the mandolin in Lester Flatt's bluegrass band. He is now 35 and a recent Grammy winner. At Fan Fair, he greeted his fans in what he calls "my work clothes": suede cowboy boots, skin-tight blue jeans and a black and white fringed cutaway jacket. Stuart's hair is big, and his face so "cute," according to Doris Keene of Hebron, Kentucky, that she expended five rolls of film on it. Then, when she got the chance, she planted a huge gob of lipstick on Stuart's chin.

"Can you imagine Bob Dylan doing this?" asked Stu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art. "It's a whole different world with country fans. It's all about loyalty. To the uninitiated this looks like a total scam—a lot of publicity and hype. But these are everyday folks, and to pull the snob trip with them is out of line. They were with me when I was just getting started. If you're loyal to them, they're loyal to you when you're red hot, when you're white hot and when you're in the bargain bin. All it takes is a little bit of this."

NICHOLAS DAWIDOFF is the author of *The Catcher Was a Spy* (Pantheon), a biography of Moe Berg.

Israel's coming political crack-up.

LABOR PAINS

By Gershom Gorenberg

The latest citadel of single-party socialism to fall is in Israel—a seven-story building behind a wide lawn on north Tel Aviv's high-rent Arlozoroff Street. That's the main office of the Histadrut, or General Federation of Labor, which practically created the state and has remained a second government ever since. This month, seventy-four years of Labor Party rule of the group—sometimes benevolent, often arrogant—is expected to end. Only four months ago the shift was unimaginable—as absurd as Yitzhak Rabin shaking Yasir Arafat's hand might have seemed a year ago.

Like the Rabin-Arafat handshake, the change in the Histadrut is redrawing Israel's political map. Until now the union has played an important role in forming Labor Party policy and choosing its candidates. Insiders say the Histadrut employs nearly 3,000 apparatchiks, mostly Laborites, and represents fully two-thirds of Israeli wage-earners. Its health maintenance organization, Kupat Holim Klalit, provides medical care for more than 60 percent of Israelis. The Histadrut even dominates sports: its Hapoel ("the Worker") wing has pro and amateur clubs that help turn the cheering at crosstown matches into political duels.

The proximate cause of the Histadrut upheaval is Haim Ramon, a tall, boyish reformer with a long smile and a plaintive voice. Ramon, 44, spent nineteen years as a full-time Labor politico, the last eleven as a Knesset member on the party's dovish fringe—making him a left-winger in a polity where defense issues are central. Last February, after the Histadrut machine forced Labor to drop his national health insurance bill, he quit as Rabin's health minister. Then he daringly counterattacked: a month before the Histadrut's May 10 elections, he announced he would challenge his own party for control of the union.

In a matter of days, Ramon and other dovish Labor rebels cobbled together an alliance with Meretz, the left-wing, secularist junior partner in Rabin's government, and Shas, an Orthodox party of underclass Jews from North Africa and Asia. Labor's Haim Haberfeld, the incumbent general secretary of the Histadrut, blasted Ramon as a free-market, anti-union demagogue "worse than Milton Friedman." Ramon's campaign pledged "new life in the Histadrut" and also "a new Haim" in place of the gaunt, grim Haberfeld staring out of Labor's posters. Even Histadrut officials admit that the 62-year-old was a media disaster. "When my dog saw that Haberfeld poster, he got scared," one official told me.

The election results were stunning: Ramon's alliance took 46 percent of the vote to Labor's 33 percent; the rest went to the right-wing Likud and an Arab-backed group dominated by Communists. Ramon's victory was clear, though the proportional voting system meant he would still need to form a coalition to rule the Histadrut. Rather than join with the right, the winners began talking to Labor. The talks progressed when Haberfeld was hospitalized in late May with gangrene, but they grew stormy after his mid-June release, with some Laborites floating a Labor-Likud coalition to keep control of the union and Haberfeld trying every tactic to delay leaving office.

When Ramon and his colleagues describe the Histadrut under Labor, the word "Bolshevik" repeats regularly. It's an exaggeration: Labor had no gulag, and even in the union federation, free elections were held. Yet there is a family resemblance; historically, the Histadrut merged union, economic ownership and quasi-government into one framework, run from the top down by the party. It was a kinder, gentler Bolshevism, perhaps, and for years it was surprisingly successful.

The Histadrut was founded in 1920 by two Socialist Zionist parties, which merged a decade later to form Mapai, the forerunner of Labor. At the time most Zionist pioneers in Palestine, schooled in Eastern Europe's feverish proletarian politics, were intent on creating not only a Jewish state but one where the workers owned the means of production. Unfortunately, Palestine possessed very few means of production or places for would-be toilers to get jobs. To fill the gap, the Histadrut set up companies and co-ops run by party operatives. Solel Boneh, the biggest construction firm in the country, was—and is—union-owned. So was Bank Hapoalim, the Workers Bank. The Histadrut provided health care, a union hiring hall and a school system for workers' children, and assigned members to its constituent trade unions for collective bargaining. Before Britain left Palestine, the union had effectively formed a Socialist Jewish state.

Not that the Histadrut empire was unique. Smaller parties had their own political communities, complete with unions, school systems and sports clubs. When Israel was created in 1948, a key task facing Prime Minister and Mapai leader David Ben-Gurion was moving power from the parties to the government. Yet Mapai and Labor had little reason to eliminate the union power base. As one official at Histadrut headquarters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

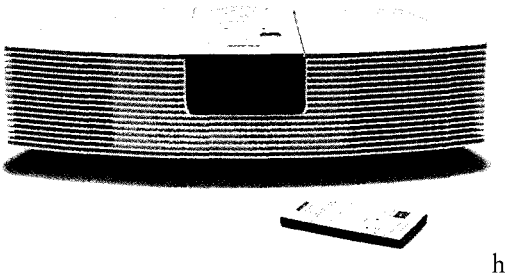
Why you should pay $349 for this radio.

Obviously, it better not be just another radio. This one isn't. Quite simply, it produces sound that's more rich, natural and lifelike than you've ever heard from a radio. Many people think it actually sounds more like a stereo system. It's no exaggeration to say you have to hear it to believe it.

Another Bose® breakthrough.

It's the Wave® radio from Bose. You've probably heard of us. We're one of the world's leading makers of audio equipment. A few years ago, we set ourselves the task of getting Bose-quality sound from a radio, and to do it, we used our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. It uses a long, intricately curved tube that amplifies and enriches sound, similar to the pipes in a pipe organ. The big, lifelike sound it produces is the reason the Wave® radio is worth $349.

The Wave® radio is small enough to fit anywhere yet still produces sound that lets you hear every note of the music the way it was meant to be heard. *Popular Science* was so

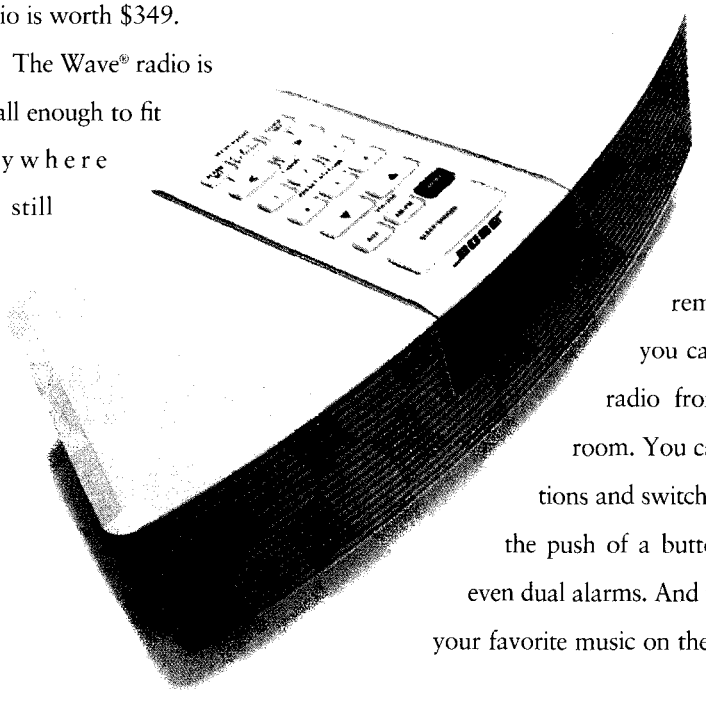


impressed that they named the Wave® radio "Best Of What's New."

Finally you can listen to music in your bedroom, your living room, your kitchen, any room without compromising sound quality. The Wave® radio really will increase the pleasure you get from listening.

Great sound made easy.

We didn't just build great sound into the Wave® radio, we built in a set of convenient features no other radio gives you. With the credit card-sized remote control, you can operate the radio from across the room. You can pre-set stations and switch to them with the push of a button. There are even dual alarms. And you can enjoy your favorite music on the Wave® radio by connecting it to a portable CD or cassette player. Or enhance your television's sound by connecting it to your set or VCR.



You have to hear it.

We don't expect you to take our word for how good the Wave® radio sounds. You really have to hear it to believe it. But don't rush to a store to hear it; the Wave® radio is only available directly from Bose. Use the toll-free number or the coupon to request more information. Or call to try out the Wave® radio in your home for fourteen days, satisfaction guaranteed. If you love it, keep it. If not, return it for a refund of the purchase price.

Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R74, or send us the coupon today.

You've had a lot of radios in your life — big radios, small radios, portable radios. It's time you owned the best-sounding radio — the Bose Wave® radio.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R74.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-R74, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

BOSE®
Better sound through research.

© 1994 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put it, "In the '50s and '60s, Mapai regarded the Histadrut, the kibbutz movement and the government as arms of the party." The union and the government joined forces in building industry, providing jobs for immigrants who flooded a country with virtually no private sector. The union-owned Koor holding company became the country's largest nongovernment industrial firm. The system worked: between 1950 and 1970 Israel's GDP rose an average of 10 percent annually.

Eventually, socialism began to wither. Koor was nearly bankrupted in a late-'80s economic shakeout; in 1989 alone the company lost more than $300 million. To survive, it turned over most of its shares to creditors and shed nearly half of its work force, erasing the justification for any union ownership. Klalit, meanwhile, faced a crunch familiar to Western health planners—rising medical costs and an aging population. A few of the Histadrut's constituent unions maintained clout, but the federation as a whole was a weak negotiator.

One problem was that the colorless bureaucrats attracted by one-party rule have made changes too slowly. What's more, economic growth has made most Israelis into middle-class Westerners with little patience for ideology and few ties to the party. If they see a reason for a union, it's to get higher pay. For Labor's own voters, the Histadrut in its old form is obsolete.

In particular, Ramon's victory was a protest vote over health policy. Operating nearly as a national health service, Klalit is the only care provider in some areas of Israel and accepts almost anyone for coverage—anyone, that is, who joins the Histadrut. Three-quarters of a member's dues go to the HMO—or, as many members see it, one-quarter of a member's health insurance premium is being siphoned off to support the union's bloated bureaucracy and the Labor Party. While the HMO has helped make care universal, it is deep in debt and has a reputation for rude service. For Ramon, his close Knesset ally Amir Peretz and other young Laborites, both the union and the HMO had become liabilities for the party.

Ramon's answer as health minister was a national health insurance bill allowing all citizens to choose between Klalit and the country's three other HMOs, with the government collecting a health tax on income to pay for care. "If my bill were brought up for academic debate in the United States, the person who wrote it would be described as an extreme leftist," Ramon told me recently. "The state is obligated to provide health care, citizens pay according to their ability and the money is divided according to need." But the issue wasn't economic philosophy. Once the tie is cut between health coverage and union membership, "the number of members will drop by a third," says Meir Gatt, the balding, ruddy official who filled in for Haberfeld during his illness. As Ramon sees it, union bureaucrats were simply protecting themselves: "The first question was what was good for the Histadrut apparat, not what was good for the interests that the Histadrut was supposed to defend.... That's Bolshevism." After the vote one of Labor's first concessions was passing the health legislation.

That accomplished, the Ramon group's goal is a leaner organization with a European social democratic agenda. "The state is responsible," Ramon says, "for providing for the needs of every person in a modern society—employment, education, health, pensions, welfare ... in the context of a free market." Ran Cohen, a Meretz Knesset member who spent years on the left fringes of Israeli politics, has been put in charge of reorganizing the federation. One source close to Cohen estimates that 30 percent to 50 percent of the union bureaucrats will go.

The reformers face two crucial tests. In June, Kupat Holim Klalit took a $160 million government loan to meet pressing expenses. The health insurance law will boost income. But the HMO remains, for now, in Histadrut hands, and support for Ramon could evaporate unless he makes it solvent. In the longer term, the new leaders must salvage the Histadrut's trade union core, convincing wage-earners to remain members. To do that, the union is likely to turn militant in wage disputes.

Labor, meanwhile, appears to be coming apart in slow motion. Rabin demanded a quick transfer of power to Ramon; Haberfeld openly defied him; and union hacks heckled the prime minister at a party central committee session. And there seems to be little chance of the Ramon group returning to Labor. Not that it needs to: it shares with Meretz both economic positions and undivided support for Israeli peace efforts. Several prominent backers of the Histadrut old guard, on the other hand, are among Labor's vocal hawks, holding to the party's tougher positions of a decade or two ago.

The long-term result, if the reformers succeed in the Histadrut, could be a new map of national politics: Likud on the right, Labor in the center and the Ramon-Meretz camp on the left, capable of getting as many Knesset seats as the other blocs. Socialism has fallen, but the revolution might have just begun.

GERSHOM GORENBERG is the op-ed editor of *The Jerusalem Report.*

My night with Streisand.

THE WAY SHE WAS

By Camille Paglia

On June 20, at Madison Square Garden, Barbra Streisand gave her first live performance in New York City in twenty-seven years. As a public figure, she had been absent from her hometown longer than Odysseus. It was here that she rose from homely Flatbush teen to kooky Greenwich Village

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chanteuse and then to toast of Broadway.

Transplanted to Los Angeles, Streisand attacked and conquered the world of movies without ever being accepted by the Hollywood establishment. Edgy, suspicious and dogged by stage fright, she became the Kubla Khan of her own entertainment empire. As producer, director and star, she absorbed all roles and crushed the identities of co-workers and subordinates to fulfill her exotic, florid personal vision. She craved fame but fled personal contact with her vast audience.

At the Garden, Streisand was scarcely alone—she was accompanied by Marvin Hamlisch, a sixty-four piece orchestra and an eleven-piece suite of ornate antique furniture to lounge on—but she seemed as pure and fragile as crystal, broken pieces of which glittered on her white gown. After greeting her with a standing ovation, the audience held its breath. Did Streisand still have it? Who could function under such pressure?

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The last time I had seen Streisand live was in 1964, when I was an avid 17-year-old fan and she was a smash hit as Fanny Brice in *Funny Girl* and still an endearing, tremulous ingenue. Since then she has become a major diva, with the volatile temperament and flair for melodrama of legendary opera stars. After an avant-garde cabaret start, her tastes went mainstream. Early Streisand was sophisticated and satirical; midcareer Streisand was overstated and bourgeois. With no feeling for rock music, the central expression of her generation, she might well have become irrelevant, except for her constant presence in movies of widely ranging quality.

The Garden audience was heavily baby boomer. In many ways, it was a homecoming. The rich range of New York Jewish society turned out in force. Those who had been in high school or college at her debut were now visibly prosperous professionals with college-age children of their own. Everywhere I was happily jostled by mesmerizingly powerful women, from the old-style Yiddish-inflected dowagers, barreling down the aisles like tanks, to the assimilationist era's tanned, vivacious, sylphlike princesses, whom Ali MacGraw skillfully played in *Goodbye, Columbus*. Matriarchal Jewish culture, from which Streisand sprang, never needed feminism to liberate its raucously outspoken women. The other major segment of the audience was gay men, Streisand's original hard-core fans. They circulated as discreet duos, with cropped hair and trim physiques, and in matching outfits, either beige summer suits or black tuxedo jackets over white T-shirts.

Before the show everyone was forced through metal detectors and a handbag inspection, a relic of Streisand's fear, at her 1967 Central Park concert, of being assassinated by the PLO over her support of Israel. Inside, vendors hawked $20 programs ("It will be worth money!" barked a zaftig mother to her skeptical daughter), $25 T-shirts, $50 cotton throws, $60 ties and $400 "official tour jackets." All bore the Streisand image, eyes or fancy, feminine "B" logo, which looked suspiciously like the opulent, half-exposed Streisand breasts on the program cover. Inflation was also the theme of the ticket prices ($50 to $350), which one was invited to forget by sampling champagne and strawberries, served for a price alongside the arena's usual hot dogs and fries.

Having extorted a river of cash from the crowd, Streisand had set herself up for failed expectations. The nervous quiet was shattered by a grandiose orchestral medley of her hits, with bursts of violins and trumpets. Streisand appeared in a blaze of white light and, with simple dignity, began to sing. It was as if she were resuming a conversation interrupted yesterday. She was flawless. Tears flowed freely in the audience. No tribute seemed too high for the exquisite quality of tone, rhythm, dynamics, diction, phrasing and dramatic interpretation that Streisand produced.

Streisand showed her anxiety only in the patter between songs. Charming, gossipy and a bit breathless, she plugged local sports teams, rhapsodized over the just-opened Gay Games and joked about being outclassed on the street by a flock of male Streisand imper-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonators. An autobiographical narrative, illustrated by family photos and film clips, wove through the concert, reminding us of how many people Streisand has been in real life as well as on-screen.

Conspicuously missing from the retrospective were men—the hapless ex-husband (Elliott Gould) or macho boy-toys (Ryan O'Neal, Jon Peters, Pierre Trudeau, Don Johnson, Andre Agassi). Streisand oohed and aahed over a spectral dream date—a few frames of young Marlon Brando in *Guys and Dolls*—but would brook no carnal male intruders into her divine female realm. Curiously, the token man was her son, Jason, whose progress from infancy to adulthood was charted in a blizzard of photos showing Streisand hovering like a vulture or posing with him like bride and groom. In the printed program, she sensuously nestles against his chest like his fiancée, who, if the tabloids are to be believed, is unlikely to materialize soon.

At the end of the show, like a climactic thunderburst of fireworks, we were treated to a dizzying *Citizen Kane*-like montage of liberal Democratic politics. As headlines flashed and photos whizzed by, the Berlin Wall fell, NAFTA passed and Hillary Rodham Clinton and Ruth Bader Ginsburg rose like titans. Look on the sunny side, Streisand counseled us, and stop sniping at our poor president. After this P.C. Nicene Creed we were blessed and sent back into the world to sin no more.

Thinking about the concert afterward, I recognized that "entertainment" is too impoverished a word for what superstars like Streisand do. As with the Romantic poets, her life and work are one; complaining about her ego is like spitting at a force of nature. Her materialism—the sharp deals, the acquisition of objects, the compulsive redecorating—is her ritualistic way of anchoring herself in externals, of rebalancing herself against the buffeting emotional vortex from which she draws her knowledge of the psyche. However one views her politics—which have been more consistent over the decades than most people realize—there is no way to deny her scintillating intelligence or her profound perception as an artist.

The Madison Square Garden concert was characteristically overstructured, so the audience's appetite for ovations was curbed and frustrated. This is Streisand's remarkable difference from Judy Garland, another gay-male idol whose signature song, "The Man That Got Away," she eerily performed. Garland was gluttonously naked before her audiences, with whom she had marathon orgiastic energy exchanges. Streisand's coldness to her fans as individuals is self-protective. Of the century's sex goddesses, only Marlene Dietrich rivals Streisand in her cool, canny nurturing of health and husbanding of persona. Unlike Garland, Streisand has never self-destructed in booze and drugs, and unlike Madonna, she has never cheapened and overexposed herself by frivolous partying in nightclubs and locker rooms.

Diehard fans like me still love the early androgynous Streisand, with her campy humor and extreme drag-queen mannerisms. We suffered through her mundane, mop-headed period and rejoiced when she recovered her chic persona as the steely psychiatrist, all legs and nails, in *The Prince of Tides*. Her appearance and performance at President Clinton's inaugural gala were electrifying. She had literally grown into her nose: that bravely preserved ethnic badge now seemed like the prow of a ship cutting into the future. Perched at contrapposto angles on her stool, she looked, with her swinging arcs of honey-blonde hair, like the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

Those who dislike Streisand find her strident and overbearing, like Bea Arthur in *Maude*. Even Roseanne Arnold, no little chickadee, was daunted when they met, and accused Streisand of behaving like the "queen of the United States." But Streisand practically invented the modern concept of "bitch." In a 1992 speech she protested what she regarded as a sexist underestimation of her as a director: "A man is forceful—a woman is pushy.... He's assertive—she's aggressive. He strategizes—she manipulates." But the power of the bitch is rooted in nature. Female sexuality, which Streisand freely uses on and off the set, is always destabilizing.

When she gets on her soapbox, Streisand can be a bore. Witness, for example, her affected endorsement of a 1992 boycott of the entire state of Colorado because of anti-gay Amendment 2. Didactic moods make Streisand lose all sense of humor, normally one of her greatest gifts. She has never realized the ancient stature of comedy as an art form. She was wonderful as a Jerry Lewis gamine in *What's Up Doc?*, a film she detests as "infantile." Conversely, her efforts to be "serious" often sink her in tar pits of schlock. Historical context gets obliterated, as in *Yentl*, where a gritty re-creation of Eastern European Jewish village life flattens out into soap opera. Humorless Streisand ends up in bathos, as in *A Star Is Born*, a neglected film of unheralded virtues, which are murdered in the excruciating seven-minute coda, where we seem trapped with her emoting, decapitated head in a damp diving bell.

The importance of Streisand's deprived Brooklyn childhood—the rejecting mother, the dead father and the bleak, cramped quarters—has been overstated. These are diminishing psychodramas in our era of victimhood. Artists of Streisand's dimension have power and aggression on a massive scale virtually from birth. There will always be a clash between originality and environment, even under the best of circumstances. Streisand's singular imagination has filtered and processed three decades of our collective life. A unique combination of earthiness and elegance, sensitivity and assertion, she remains one of the great symbols of modern woman, independent, self-directed, always in process.

CAMILLE PAGLIA's third book, *Vamps and Tramps*, will be published by Vintage in September.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, sort of. In praise of the Stephanopoulites.

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

By Ruth Shalit

I.

It's 9:05 on a hazy, hot and humid June morning, and Ron Klain is late for his morning staff meeting. The 32-year-old counselor to the attorney general sweeps into his cramped office, strands of hair clinging moistly to his forehead. "Oy," he says. He grabs a Diet Coke, two legal pads and an armful of fat briefing books, each bearing a handsome Justice Department seal, and is on his way out the door when the phone rings. "Hello. Yeah ... well, just know that I'll suffer the pain if it gets fucked up—O.K. O.K. I'll see you later. Take care." And Klain barrels down the hallway to room 1145, where a staff of middle-aged special assistants and factotums is huddled in soulful conversation. The men have shrugged off their jackets and are standing in their shirtsleeves. The women look glamorous and purposeful in their jewel-toned silk shells.

"All right," barks Klain. "Let me quickly run through this stuff. June 12. She's going to be in Pittsburgh for a Wofford event. A bunch of sheriff stuff. June 13. Some events with the Black Caucus. Midnight basketball. An Anacostia town meeting. A bunch of feeds on the YES program." Someone informs Klain that YES—the Youth Employment Skills program—has just metamorphosed into the Youth Employment Program. Klain is skeptical. "The president is going to say, 'Let's give our youth something to say "YEP" to'?" He makes a note to himself.

Klain, once an associate in the White House counsel's office, is now counselor to Attorney General Janet Reno, responsible for coordinating the administration's position on the crime bill as it wends its way through Congress. He is also an image-maker, charged with creating a daily dose of reportable happenings for the attorney general. This is not always an easy task. Yesterday, for instance, the crime bill began its journey through the Senate-House conference committee. But the conference story is, in Klain's words, "nonvisual." In order to remedy this deficiency, Klain has shoehorned into Reno's schedule a bit of precooked news—a joint press conference with Mario Cuomo, focusing on the impact of the crime bill on New York state. But now, it seems, there's been a setback. "Cuomo just called," a staffer tells Klain. "He says he has to deal with the Long Island Rail strike. He's totally bagging the event."

Klain rolls a sheaf of papers in his fist. "Oy," he says. "What else do we have?" The Reno aides exchange anxious glances. "D.C. drug court?" someone ventures. Annoyance clouds Klain's face. "She's done D.C. drug court so many goddamn times," he says. "D.C. drug court is a boring event. You know what D.C. drug court looks like? It looks like this room!" "We could put up a sign that says: DRUG COURT," suggests one staffer. "We could have her do the room where the urine is tested," offers another. Klain's sheaf of rolled-up paper beats a rapid tattoo upon the tabletop. "What," he finally asks, "are we doing with [DEA Director] Tom Constantine?" "Dragging his butt all the way up to Albany," someone says. "Boom," says Klain, pleased. "We've got it. A press conference. State police, Constantine and her. Effect of the crime bill on New York state."

And with that, Klain resumes his rundown of the scenes of the week. On the thirteenth, a satellite feed with New Mexico Representative Bill Richardson in Albuquerque. On the fourteenth, sadly, no crime events. On the fifteenth, a black church in East St. Louis. On the sixteenth, "we should get some rural targets for her," says Klain. "She can do media stuff with rural guys. This is Sheriff Bob and Attorney General Reno on the crime bill—that kind of thing."

There is, of course, something funny in this elaborate effort to script the purportedly unscriptable attorney general. But in the eyes of White House aides keen to push a strong anti-crime position, Reno's newly honed message is no joke. Klain's arrival has been a "watershed," says one White House official. "She's stopped being the secretary of health and human services and started being the attorney general." Congressional Democrats are elated. "Before [Klain] came over, you couldn't get the administration to move on any of those issues," says one House Democrat. "Justice and the White House weren't talking and didn't trust each other. Everyone would 'yes' you. Nothing would happen. With Ron I don't have to have a five-minute conversation before I get an answer." As the bill journeys through conference, the stakes are high. Passage of a crime bill could be "the major domestic accomplishment of Clinton's first term," says a senior Justice aide. "That has not gone unappreciated around here—or at the White House. If health care doesn't work, if welfare reform

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't work, this is going to be the thing."

That the increasingly strained hopes of the Clinton administration should ride on such young shoulders might come as something of a surprise. Social critics have denounced the Clinton youth corps as a brood of ill-mannered bumblers. Ollie North has declared war on an administration replete with "twentysomething staffers with an earring and an ax to grind." *G.Q.*'s Stephanie Mansfield warns of the perils of "government policy being formulated ... by propeller-beanied adolescents who were stringing macaroni necklaces during the last Democratic regime." Even the Clintonites can't resist taking potshots at the younger crew. Last month, a *Washington Post* reporter overheard White House Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes inquiring whether visiting Girl Scouts were members of the administration. Education Secretary Richard Riley, meanwhile, informs any reporter who will listen of "the Riley rule": before carrying out the bidding of the White House, find out the age of the staffer who made the call.

Ickes and Riley should think again. Clinton's shadow government of twentysomething smoothies is perhaps the backbone of his administration. With the harried air of accountants—and a constant line of access to their patron, George Stephanopoulos, counselor to the president—they wade through reams of memos, spin out tales to reporters, manage the process of the presidency. Brushfires ignite that must be doused. Volcanic tempers erupt that must be soothed. But even in the midst of chaos, there is peace. "Anyone who can get through to George," says White House Staff Secretary John Podesta, "is way ahead of the game in figuring out what's going on here. He has really good judgment and really good advice. And he's obviously extremely busy."

Joshua Steiner, chief of staff to Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, befriended Stephanopoulos during the Dukakis campaign. Klain worked closely with Stephanopoulos when the two had top jobs on the Hill. Kevin Thurm, chief of staff to Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala, is Stephanopoulos's Rhodes buddy from Oxford. "The three [staffers] you just mentioned are terrific," says Stephanopoulos. "They're all friends of mine. But why focus on young, hypereducated Jewish males? There's a young woman at the National Security Council. She has a whole portfolio of U.N. issues!" Yet only Thurm, Klain and Steiner have the capacity to send their peers into paroxysms of envy. "Unlike me, Kevin and Josh and Ron are good at what they do, *and* maintain their temper, and have that maturity," says White House policy assistant Bob Boorstin, adding, "It makes you want to take a knife to yourself." Agrees Deputy Director of Communications Rahm Emanuel: "People say I'm too aggressive, too focused. These guys are rare talents, *and* they're personable."

But their slickness also has something a little disconcerting about it. The Stephanopoulites do not have burning consciences. They are not crusaders for social reform. They are baby-faced enforcers, directed to sand the sharp edges off their undisciplined elders. Explains White House Deputy Director of Communications David Dreyer: "If, for the sake of argument, Shalala was bickering with Bentsen ... George could get on the telephone with Kevin and Josh and cool it in about thirty seconds." In the course of cooling the clash of personalities, their job is to muffle the clash of ideas. They work for principals, not principles. They are, finally, pros.

II.

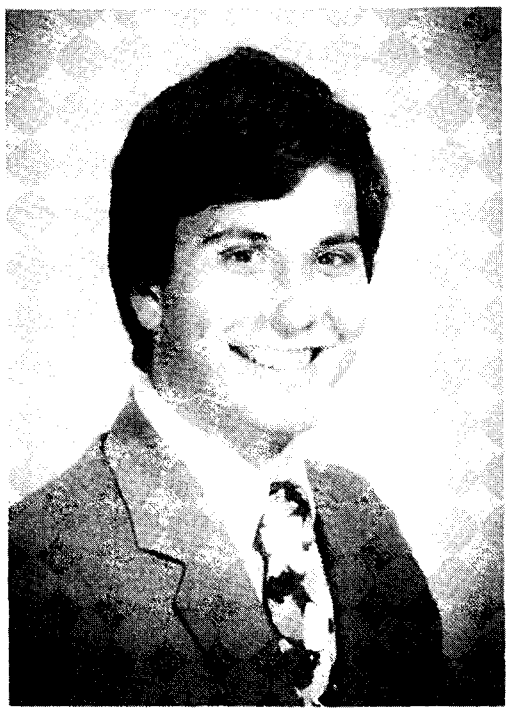
When Klain worked in the White House counsel's office as Clinton's chief judge-picker, his age made him a natural focal point for Republican ire. "Should a 31-year-old law school graduate like Ron Klain be in charge of judicial appointment evaluations?" fretted former Reagan Justice Department official Steven Trott during a televised debate with Reno. "I have great respect for Ron Klain's wisdom," retorted the attorney general. She should. Klain has long displayed chillingly good political skills. After graduating from Harvard Law School in 1987 he took a two-year clerkship with Supreme Court Justice Byron White, for whom he drafted substantial portions of the controversial 1989 decision in *Wards Cove Packing Co.* v. *Antonio.* Hailed by conservatives as a blow against quotas, the decision made it harder for workers to prove discrimination. By the time civil rights legislation was being fought out in Congress, Klain had left the Supreme Court to become, at age 27, the youngest-ever chief counsel to the Senate Judiciary Committee. There, he played a strategic role in the passage of the Civil Rights Act—the legislation that helped undo *Wards Cove.* "Ron Klain does not let his emotions or his ideology get in the way of anything he does," says fellow White clerk Paul Cappuccio.

During his tenure at the Judiciary Committee, Klain had been a leading architect of the omnibus crime package ultimately vetoed by George Bush. His grasp of the volatile politics of crime made him a natural Clintonite. When Communications Director Mark Gearan, then Clinton-Gore deputy campaign manager, called to ask if he was interested in signing onto the campaign, Klain accepted immediately. As Clinton's chief adviser on criminal justice issues, it was Klain who thought up the 100,000 new cops initiative. "Clinton had a big crime speech coming up," recalls John Kroger, the campaign's deputy issues director. "We had no idea how many extra cops would be a good thing. [Domestic Policy Deputy] Bruce Reed and I called Ron from Little Rock. He said, 'Would 100,000 be enough?'" After the election Klain worked on the transition team, helping vet prospective Cabinet members' names before key senators. According to several sources, his was the lone voice urging Zoe Baird to disclose on the public portion of the Judiciary Committee's questionnaire her failure to pay her nanny's Social Security taxes, but he was overruled.

During the transition, Klain was considered for a range of positions in the White House. Clinton, however, was "insisting that he do judges," according to Gearan; so Klain took a job in the White House counsel's office as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lawyer in charge of judicial selection. During Clinton's first year the White House counsel's office became the locus for the administration's more well-publicized miscues. Klain was one of those who balked at the nomination of Lani Guinier to be assistant attorney general. "The politically charged and difficult writings of Lani Guinier were identified by Ron early," says former White House congressional liaison Howard Paster, now the president of Hill & Knowlton. "He flagged them before the nomination." Klain's relationship with his boss, Bernard Nussbaum, began to deteriorate soon after. "It was not an easy spot for [Klain] to be in," says one White House staffer. "Here's someone with maybe the best political instincts in the entire administration, working for a boss who had the worst. Every day it was, Bernie, we shouldn't do this, we shouldn't do that."



Ronald A. Klain
AB Government

Meanwhile, Reno's confidence in her deputy, Philip Heymann, was evaporating; and with good reason. "Nobody at Justice had a relationship with the White House to formulate positions and be proactive as the [crime] bill moved through the Senate," says one Justice Department staffer. "The department was not operating on all cylinders.... Lots of stuff was just flying away." The result was a Senate version of the crime bill that bore few Clintonian fingerprints. When the House bill was taken up this year, the White House vowed to play a greater role. "It was clear that someone needed to be the point man, to pull things together and get the department to be real," says a senior White House official.

Klain seemed an ideal solution from both the White House and Justice's point of view. Not only could he serve as Reno's de facto chief of staff; but as the person who had written the first omnibus crime legislation, he was the perfect candidate to manage the crime bill. Reno and Klain had a "long and close working relationship" dating back to her confirmation hearing. Reno had wanted Klain to come over straight after her confirmation, but Clinton, who was just getting his judge-picking operation off the ground, "felt he couldn't spare him," says Deputy Attorney General Jamie Gorelick. But by February, says another Justice aide, the president felt "it would be a big advantage ... to have a conduit over there, a voice singing off our songbook," and he agreed to part with Klain.

Klain's first move was pulling together a team of staffers to focus full-time on the crime bill. He tapped into his network of Hill contacts, enlisting Andrew Fois, who was chief counsel to the House Judiciary Committee's crime panel, and Elizabeth Fine, another House Judiciary veteran who more recently served with him in the White House counsel's office. The new team's first accomplishment was clarifying the administration's position on the bill's "three strikes" provision. Klain worked with his old colleague Cynthia Hogan, chief counsel to the Senate Judiciary Committee, to propose a genuinely narrow three-time loser provision, stating that the third felony must involve physical force against another person. After overcoming internal resistance from career holdovers in the Bureau of Prisons who feared overcrowding, Klain came back with a proposal that pleased both the White House and the Justice Department. The proposal was incorporated into the House version of the bill.

Klain also helped orchestrate the administration's dramatic come-from-behind victory on the assault weapons ban—tallying swing votes, deploying Cabinet members to the Hill, commissioning a letter in support of the bill from former President Ronald Reagan. On the day of the vote he and Emanuel had an open line to each other all day. "At 2:30, the lean/nos started announcing. I started going fetal," says Emanuel. "Ron was the one who said, 'Actually, we can win this.' " The two of them drew up a list of members to target. "At 3:00, he called back. He said, 'We're at 206.' I had 207. He said, what we need is this person, this person and this person." Klain persuaded then-White House Chief of Staff Mack McLarty to telephone four undecideds; the president made two of the calls himself. He then dispatched pro-ban police officers to lobby the remaining fence-sitters. The bill squeaked through the House.

But Klain's biggest achievement has been curbing the obstreperous Reno, whose touchy-feely rhetoric and tense relations with the White House had marginalized her in the crime debate. Engaging Reno to help sell the crime bill was no easy task. She wasn't for the 100,000 new cops proposal, says Klain, "until we sent her out on a crime bill trip ... and she came back saying, 'You know what? Community policing works!' " He adds: "You look at her speeches since the crime bill—they're all about the crime bill. And the crime bill reflects her whole agenda. She would shudder to hear the phrase 'on message.' But yes, she's on message, because for her, it's a better message." The White House loves it. "Little things that used to get blown out of proportion because of lack of communication between the White House and Justice are now no big deal, because Ron is over here every

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morning for the crime meeting," says one White House official. "He's generating daily talking points for the Cabinet. It is an immense relief."

Yet Klain's penchant for compromise has obvious costs. The Senate bill contained three different "safety valve" provisions that would have exempted low-level drug offenders from the draconian prison terms imposed by mandatory minimum sentencing guidelines, ranging from broad to virtually meaningless. Seeking to please all sides, the White House endorsed all three at Klain's recommendation. At this writing, it's anyone's guess which option the joint House-Senate committee will choose. But the White House's clear endorsement of a meaningful safety valve would have stiffened Democrats' resolve. What's more, instead of taking a position on the divisive Racial Justice Act, which corrects disparities in sentencing for crack and cocaine offenses and in applying the death penalty, Klain decided the administration should be "aggressively neutral" in its stance.

But political principles take second stage to the issue of Reno's image. "We had an event here a few weeks ago," Klain enthuses. "After she was gone a week or so on the crime bill trip, we did a welcome home rally for her. The president came over. They both talked abut the crime bill. And everyone was struck by how similar their remarks were!... The White House press corps came over. They saw them saying similar things. They saw them pushing the crime bill together. That's what's going to turn them around on the A.G."

III.

"George is ruthlessly and mercilessly efficient," confides Dan Porterfield, an HHS speechwriter and member of Stephanopoulos and Thurm's Rhodes scholar class. "Kevin doesn't quite follow the George mode. He is perhaps not as efficient. He spends a little more time talking to people. The Kevin mode is to waste more time on the phone. George will have slightly more conversations with people during the course of the day—but they'll all be fifteen seconds long."

For Thurm, the extra schmoozing has paid off in spades. "Among my few attributes, that is one," he says modestly. Says Ickes, who supervised Thurm in the Clinton-Gore New York office, "It sounds mundane, but one of the great abilities of a good chief of staff is the ability to get access. Typically, a secretary would herself have to call the deputy chief of staff.... There have been instances in which Kevin needs a decision turned around very quickly. And because of contacts he has with myself, George and others, if he calls and says it's urgent, we will get back to him immediately. We will do what we can to help." Says Shalala: "One of the reasons he got the job was that I wanted someone who knew all the key players, and had access to them. It's useless to have a chief of staff who can't get people on the phone, who can't work the system for you."

Sometimes the strategy works; sometimes it doesn't. When Shalala last month learned the dismaying news about the removal of the Social Security Administration from HHS's purview, Thurm "was on the line to George within seconds," says an HHS staffer. Though the White House ultimately refused to back down on the decision, Thurm was able to secure Shalala a private meeting with Clinton to plead the issue. "Once the decision was made, we were happy to carry it out," says Thurm. "Despite the president going in a way that maybe we didn't want him to, we felt better about having the access to the White House."

There's nothing unusual about a little networking, but in Thurm the art has attained a new level of subtlety and calculation. Part of it is knowing just how hard to push. "He doesn't call on George and Harold that often," insists his special assistant, Jill Hargiss. "Especially if it's something he doesn't think he'll win." Part of it is lack of illusions about his own department. "HHS is so sprawling, and we have all these pain-in-the-ass little agencies yapping for our attention all the time," says one HHS assistant secretary. "Kevin's eye-view of the department is analogous to the White House's." Oozes Victor Zonana, HHS's public affairs chief, "Kevin always says to me—and it's real wisdom—that anyone who hasn't expanded his network since getting here isn't worth their salt. The point being that sure, he knew George and Harold. But now he knows everybody."

Thurm's admirers praise him in the blandly worshipful tones of a Rhodes recommendation. "He's great at facilitating the process," says HHS legislative affairs director Jerry Klepner. "But he knows that the process that matters most is the process of being a husband and father and son and friend." Argues Porterfield: "He really is an extraordinarily grounded person.... He's a constant source of comfort and perspective. 'I know how you're feeling,' he'll say, 'What can I do?' " It is this air of intimate concern that has won him admirers across the administration. "When he asks you how you're doing, he really wants to know," marvels Margaret Williams, Hillary Rodham Clinton's chief of staff.

Yet the chorus of praise is not universal. "George is a fascinating guy," says one senior White House official. "Kevin is much more right place, right time. No real defects. No mountains, no valleys. He's kind of your basic Rhodes scholar. Successful, but no one's quite sure why." And indeed, the pro-Thurm testimonials have a certain unspontaneous quality. In the middle of my conversation with Avis LaVelle, HHS's deputy press secretary, Thurm called her. Shuttling between lines, LaVelle announced, "See, Kevin? I'm finally talking to what's-her-face about you!" "Uh, hi, it's me," I said. "Oh, whoops, I thought you were Kevin," she said.

During my interview with Thurm, he goes out of his way to display his harmony with the toiling classes. Offering me a cup of coffee, he asks that it be made known that "I have instructed my secretary not to ask people if they want coffee. That would be demeaning to her. I have asked her instead to provide a pitcher of cof-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fee so that I, myself, could offer it to guests." He then repeats the anecdote into my tape recorder. During a staff meeting I attended, he dangles a purple Slinky from his ear and makes labored pop culture references. "It's complicated," says an aide, "because Marcia Henderson has weighed in on this." "Marcia Henderson?" Thurm cries. "Florence Henderson! 'The Brady Bunch!' " "No, no, no," says the staffer. "She's been detailed over to Labor. But now OPM wants her back." "Wants her back!" Thurm hoots. " 'I Want You Back!' The Jackson Five!"

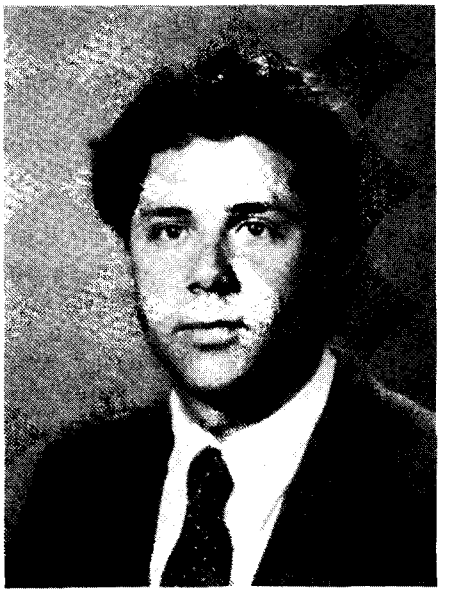
Asked what Thurm actually does all day, staffers respond with evasive banalities. "Part of it is base touching," explains White House Cabinet Secretary Christine Varney. "The consultation aspect." "A big part of the job is creating processes," agrees Stephanopoulos. LaVelle will say only that Thurm "lives in a penumbra between policy and politics." But another senior HHS official puts it more directly. "It's cleaning up after the elephants," says the official. "In a department this size, people fuck up a lot. [Thurm] is a genuinely nice man. But don't let that niceness fool you. He's tough."

Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders was one of Kevin's wards. As her nomination got into trouble, Thurm enlisted Stephanopoulos and others in an all-out campaign on her behalf. On crisis days Thurm would toil in his office until 4 a.m., then return three hours later to participate in a White House conference call. For a few brief moments each lunch hour, an exhausted Thurm would "throw his head down on his desk, then pick it up again," recalls Deputy HHS Secretary Walter Broadnax.

There was just one problem: Elders herself. "We had not the most cooperative nominee," admits one official involved in the confirmation drama. "There would be periodic Joycelyn eruptions." The low point came in early June last year. After being told many times not to talk to the press, she told *The Baltimore Sun* that yes, crack-addicted prostitutes should be able to get Norplant so that they could continue to have sex to keep buying drugs, "if they must." It was time for Thurm to go to work. "I don't know what happened in that room, or what he said to her," marvels the official. "All I know is that Joycelyn stopped erupting." According to a staffer who witnessed the dressing down, Thurm explained "that she really wasn't in Arkansas anymore, that this place was different, that it wasn't just you and your reputation; there were other things at stake." Thurm admits that he and Elders had "a series of kind of heavy conversations."

You would think such tasks might seem disagreeable to one famed for his winning ways. But Thurm bears the burden cheerfully. "I was a camp counselor once," he says. Colleagues argue the job is perfect for him. "He's part disciplinarian, part charmer," explains Zonana. "His job is a clean-up job. It's picking up after people. It's keeping people in line."

Shalala is the other person Thurm monitors for the White House. "When Kevin went in, he was presented with a very difficult challenge," says one senior staffer. "There he was, with a secretary who was furious because a central part of her job had been put off to this White House [health care] task force. Kevin did a miraculous job of reining her in, getting her to understand what the White House was looking for. That was tough, really tough." Another staffer confirms that Thurm "was the person who was instructed to tell Shalala when she fucked up. It was his job to go in and say, 'Look, the White House is unhappy, this is how we should handle things in the future.' "



KEVIN THURM
Political Science/Economics; Rosebud Avenue, Merrick, NY 11566: Senate 1-2, Pres. 3; Hillel 2-4 (Pres. 3); Exp. Leader 3; Ex College Teacher 4; Student Activities Office Intern 4; Student Rep. to Adm. and Finance, Committee of Board of Trustees.

When Shalala announced last July that the Clinton plan would cover illegal aliens, the White House was livid. "Hello! Hello! This is not policy!" says one White House staffer. "If it's not policy, don't fucking say it." Boorstin dispatched Thurm to reprimand Shalala. "Kevin can be real tough with her," another staffer says admiringly. "He read her the riot act." Shalala herself concedes, "I do talk to Kevin about how to say things.... I certainly tripped up a couple of times early on." When Shalala announced in April 1993 that the administration was considering a value-added tax to finance health care, it "really caused a huge fuss," says a White House official. "A whole lot of meetings, the First Lady saying, 'What the hell is going on?' " Once again, Thurm had the unhappy task of reprimanding his putative boss. But this time, hostilities were slower to ebb. "There were bad feelings about my principal," Thurm admits. So he called Stephanopoulos and suggested a meeting between Shalala and Clinton, "just to clear the air ... to remind everyone that we were all in this together." The meeting served its purpose, Thurm says: "People got a better sense of who she was."

But according to several White House staffers, Thurm's primary accomplishment has been helping to end the war that smoldered between Shalala and the First Lady from the time the special health care task force was announced and Shalala essentially was cut out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"People weren't spitting at each other, but it wasn't pleasant to be around," says an HHS staffer. At one point, things got so bad that Rodham Clinton began referring to her old Children's Defense Fund pal as "those people at HHS." To rescue things, Thurm deployed his Rhodie networking skills. "He one day dropped by my office," says Williams. "He didn't have any particular business. The First Lady had had a very full schedule. The two times we'd talked that day, he'd realized I'd either gotten back to him very late, or the conversation was rushed. Well, later that day he came by the office. He left on my chair a note essentially saying, 'Thinking about you,' plus a beautiful silk scarf that had all these faces of children on it. What a kindness from Kevin!"

The kindness paid off. "When people were supposed to be upset with the White House, or vice versa, Maggie and I were able to have a conversation," says Thurm. "It helped to have Maggie sending signals over there and me sending signals over here." When tensions mounted over the White House health care task force, "it was just great that our relationship was such that we could pick up the phone and make sure that things didn't blow up." Even more important, "at some point Maggie started coordinating with the White House on health care. She made sure that I was included in those meetings, or that there was some kind of HHS presence in those meetings.... I think the bigger picture is that we communicated quite a bit."

Says a senior White House staffer, "[Thurm] is beloved here at the White House. [Shalala] has undergone a transformation from the first six months, from the point where she was seen as the most endangered Cabinet secretary ... to the point where she now remains very stably in the mix. She hasn't stuck her neck out as much. And a lot of the credit for that should go to Kevin."

IV.

"Know ye that reposing my special trust and confidence in the integrity and ability of Joshua Linder Steiner, I do appoint him Chief of Staff to the Secretary of the Treasury." So reads the framed presidential commission that adorns the back wall of Joshua Steiner's inner salon, an elegant room with painted ceilings thirty feet high. On a giant oak writing desk, memos, drafts and requests have been stacked, each a little lower than the next, so that the top of each is visible. There is an in box, an out box and, titillatingly, a box that reads "TOP SECRET."

Back in his pre-Whitewater days, Steiner was an undisputed administration success story. "I remember being in a meeting in Mack McLarty's office," recalls National Economic Council (NEC) deputy director Gene Sperling. "Josh comes in and says something to Bentsen. Rubin turns to Bentsen and says, 'Is that your new aide de camp?' Bentsen says, 'You bet it is!' Rubin goes, 'You steal him from [Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger] Altman?' Bentsen says, 'You bet I did!' Meanwhile, McLarty is jumping in, saying, 'Impressive young man.' ... Stephanopoulos and I, of course, jumped in to puff him up, because we're both friends of his. But we could have kept our mouths shut. It was a total lovefest. There is something about this guy. He just exudes competence."

But now Steiner exudes controversy as well. Was Stephanopoulos simply blowing off steam when he called his old chum Steiner to complain about the Resolution Trust Corporation's (RTC) hiring of Clinton foe Jay Stephens? Or was he trying to stymie Stephens's work? The evidence suggests the former, which is what makes Steiner's celebrity so ironic. He represents the nightmare of the Stephanopoulites: the criminalization of access.

Meanwhile, Steiner's musings on his improbable ordeal are keeping scores of Washington lawyers in business. Whitewater special prosecutor Robert Fiske is using Steiner's diary as a guide for his probe. Amid the psychodrama, some of Steiner's fans in the White House have flaked off. "If he had political acumen, he wouldn't have kept a diary," grumbles one senior administration official. "He wouldn't have had those meetings [with RTC officials]." But others remain boosters. "He handled that pretty well, didn't he?" remarks Altman. "He kept his balance throughout. He refused to take it out on anyone." The Monday after the scandal hit the papers, Steiner showed up at the White House's 9:30 a.m. crime bill meeting. "He was very good-natured about it," recalls Reed. "He told us that his parents were disappointed that all the papers referred to him as Josh instead of Joshua. We thought that was a pretty mature response." At a meeting the next day, Reed continues, "we decided we needed to call Josh to get Treasury involved. George made some crack about how he'd call him. They both joke about it.... That to me evinces the fact that this is not a real lasting thing for either of them."

Privately, however, Steiner is racked and humiliated by his role in the controversy. "He hates the thought that something he did could reflect badly on the department," says a friend. "And he's worried about his reputation." Says a Treasury aide close to Steiner: "Most of the time he keeps it under control. But sometimes he looks sort of tired.... You wish you could take care of him." At the height of the imbroglio, Steiner called up longtime family friend Roger Rosenblatt. "When he was 3 years old, I used to sing him the Felix the Cat song," says Rosenblatt. "During the midst of his troubles, he called and asked, 'Could you sing Felix the Cat?' So I sang the song: 'Felix the Cat. The wonderful, wonderful cat. Whenever he gets in trouble, he reaches into his bag of tricks.' But poor Josh didn't have any bag of tricks."

Well, maybe just a few. Although Bentsen has privately fretted to associates that keeping a diary "was a damn fool thing for [Steiner] to do," he has been publicly supportive of his chief of staff, telling *The Washington Post* on April 2 that he had "full confidence in [Steiner's] integrity and ability and ethics." And he's been kind to Steiner: the day the story hit, Bentsen summoned the terrified aide into his office. "This is going to pass," he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY GERMAN STUDIES

The Federal Constitutional Court by Prof. Donald Kommers, University of Notre Dame. This study examines Germany's top court, a tribunal more influential, more protective of individual rights, and much readier to rule on political, foreign policy and defense questions than is our own U.S. Supreme Court. Number 2 in the Institute's new series on key institutions of German democracy. 44 pp., $5.00 to cover postage and handling. Call 202-332-9312.

INSTITUTE OF GOVERNMENTAL STUDIES

The New American Political (Dis)order, by Robert A. Dahl, suggests that America's new political order may be a "(dis)order." Dahl argues that political decision-making is more fragmented due to actions by special interests and the media. The book includes a foreword by political scientist Austin Ranney and responses to Dahl's thesis by historian Richard M. Abrams, political scientists David W. Brady and Jack Citrin, and Patrick Chamorel, Office of the Prime Minister of France. ISBN: 0-87772-355-9, 102 pp., paper, $10.95. To order write: Institute of Governmental Studies, 109 Moses Hall, University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720-2370 or call 510-642-6723.

COMPETITIVE ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE

Reinventing Superfund by Kent Jeffreys examines the current state of Superfund, the Clinton reform proposal, and a realistic alternative for reform. $4.00. **The Cost of Cool** by Ben Lieberman assesses the economic consequences of the CFC phase-out for the US. $4.00. **Wasting Away** by James DeLong looks at the myth of the Municipal Solid Waste "crisis" and existing solid waste policies. $5.00. Contact CEI at 202-331-1010.

RECRUITING NEW TEACHERS, INC.

State Policies to Improve the Teacher Workforce: Shaping the Profession that Shapes America's Future. To thrive in the 21st century, the U.S. must develop its human capacity. Ironically, the nation pays scant attention to developing *education's* human resources — the teachers and administrators working on the front lines of this challenge. This report outlines the comprehensive statewide policy frameworks necessary for building a capable, diverse, and multiculturally sensitive teacher workforce.

Also available: ***Teaching's Next Generation, A National Study of Precollegiate Teacher Recruitment.*** Many school districts have launched "grow your own" teacher programs in an effort to nurture a more capable and diverse teacher workforce. This first national study charts the growing movement to encourage middle school/high school students to explore teaching careers and its implications for national school reform. Both publications are free in single copies, while supplies last.. Recruiting New Teachers, Inc., 385 Concord Avenue, Suite 103, Belmont, MA 02178. 617-489-6000.

ETHICS AND PUBLIC POLICY CENTER

IDEALISM WITHOUT ILLUSIONS: U.S. FOREIGN POLICY IN THE 1990s by George Weigel. Weigel makes a strong case for a morality that is distinctive to political life: a realistic social ethic of idealism without illusions. His book applies this kind of moral reasoning to such issues as terrorism, Islam and the West, the new human-rights debate, just war after the Gulf War, and "humanitarian intervention" in Bosnia, Haiti, and elsewhere. Published by the Ethics and Public Policy Center and William B. Eerdmans. 232 pp. $16.99 (paper). Call 202-682-1200 or 1-800-253-7521. ISBN 0-8028-0746-1.

THE PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD® IS AN ADVERTISING SERVICE OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told him. "I have confidence in you and your ability to do your job."

Meanwhile, Steiner has shelved his note-taking. "I talked to Josh a couple of weeks ago," chuckles Jack DeVore, Bentsen's former press secretary. "He assures me he is no longer keeping a diary."

A native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and an alumnus of Andover, Steiner graduated from Yale in 1988 with a degree in history. "No honors," he recalls. "Straight B-plus average. I did graduate, though." After school he signed on with the Dukakis campaign, working on the issues staff and serving as the candidate's aide on the road. Following the election, Steiner roamed the globe—touring Asia, spending a year studying at Oxford and serving a brief stint as an election observer in Pakistan, working for the National Democratic Institute. Through it all, he stayed in contact with Stephanopoulos and other Dukakis warriors—Boorstin, Podesta, Sperling and Sylvia Matthews, later to become a top NEC staffer. In 1991 Stephanopoulos, by then a top aide to House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt, recruited Steiner to serve as chief aide to New York Public Library President Timothy S. Healy, the quintessential Rhodie sinecure (Stephanopoulos once held the job himself).

In December 1992 Stephanopoulos came to Steiner with another job offer: Would he come to Washington to work for Altman on the transition team? Steiner accepted, and spent the next month pulling dramatic all-nighters, organizing, "doing cluster groups, writing long memos for the principals." The spadework paid off, as Steiner parlayed his transition post into a job as Altman's right hand at Treasury. His first big trial by fire was helping Altman run the White House's budget war room. "You can just imagine Roger coming in there and having some arrogant kid like Josh at his side," says Sperling. "Well, Roger came in ego-free. And Josh turned out to be everything that facilitated this for Roger.... He made sure things got done, but he was respectful."

Meanwhile, change was fermenting at Treasury. Longtime Bentsen aide Philip Diehl was not an unqualified success as Treasury chief of staff. He did not quite have the connections to get things done. Before DeVore could qualify for his retirement benefits, he needed a letter from the president accepting his resignation. Diehl vowed to get it for him. "Two months later, I became concerned," recalls Devore. "Another two months went by. It still hadn't come through. I was going to leave. I went to Josh. I said, can you get me this letter? He said, write down what you want it to say.... He gave it to his friend John Podesta. I had my letter the next day."

Such distinctions were not lost on the management consulting firm KPMG Peat Marwick, hired by an exasperated Bentsen in December of 1993 to tell him how to wrest some sort of control over his own department. According to a staffer who's seen the report, Peat Marwick urged Bentsen to replace Diehl with the hyperconnected Steiner. "They basically concluded that Josh was the most effective thing around," says the staffer. Bentsen promptly offered Steiner the job; and after a brief spasm of pro forma anguish ("Josh wanted to make sure people didn't think he was doing the wrong thing, leaving the man he came down with," says a friend) he moved over to Bentsen's office.

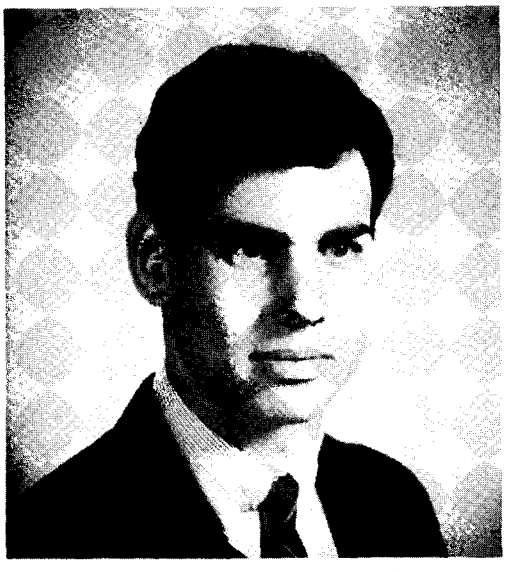
Career Treasury officials were befuddled by the announcement. "It was astounding," says one. "I have no problem with young people running things. I might draw the line at having a 28-year-old without finance experience running the Treasury Department." Steiner's Whitewater antics haven't done much to bring the skeptics around. "The most noteworthy aspect is he's done it at a young age," says one senior Treasury official and longtime Bentsen aide. "But to go from that to the point where he's a young Henry Kissinger—I'm not sure that's called for. He's had his fifteen minutes of fame." Later, he adds: "Josh has a lot of relationships that predate this administration. He would not be where he is now if he did not have those relationships.... He would be the first to admit that."

But that's precisely the point. At the time of Steiner's arrival in January of 1994, Bentsen, a potential Cabinet powerhouse, had found himself publicly delooped. The problem? The kindly, monarchical Texan lacked "someone to work things out with the more politically oriented twentysomethings in the administration," says Undersecretary of Treasury Lawrence Summers. "These are not people the secretary has a long track record with." Another Treasury official puts it more bluntly: "If you're chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and some smartass, snot-nose White House staffer pops off about you to a reporter, it's a simple matter to shut that off. You go to Mack McLarty and you say, 'Say, Mack. Remember that assistant secretary nomination you wanted to rush through the committee? Well, we're very busy. We've postponed that indefinitely.' If you're secretary of the Treasury, you have no recourse except to plead to Mack, who will say, 'I am outraged.' " Steiner, the staffer continues, "has friends throughout that White House. When it comes to critical comments in the press, it is helpful as an inhibitor.... He'll be able to pin down who it was. There is a fear factor and an affection factor. And in that regard, Josh just has to be extremely helpful to Lloyd Bentsen."

Not to mention the White House. Steiner has been "extremely effective in negotiating between the White House and what the secretary will do," says an administration official. "He reads the secretary really well." The main part of Steiner's job, like Klain's, is image maintenance: managing the staging of Bentsen's events, shaping his day-to-day role within the administration. In Washington, where appearance can be reality, "an agency's clout is tied to the perceived clout of its leaders," says a White House staffer close to Steiner. "Josh has worked pretty carefully at beating back the notion that Bentsen is out of the loop, or just there temporarily. To the extent that people believed that garbage, it undermined his ability to get things done."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gearan elaborates on how this has worked in practice: "What Josh has is an ability to move around the building effortlessly. Some people can walk into a room and people are kind of glad they're there.... You never get the sense that he is inserting himself inappropriately." During his first week on the job Steiner deployed these charms to get his boss into the mix on the crime bill. He called up Reed and asked to be included in the White House's daily crime meeting. "I remember saying, 'You can come, but it has to be you,' " says Reed. "Not just any representative. At that point it was kind of a White House / Justice thing. We were kind of making an exception by including him." During the meetings, Steiner lobbied relentlessly for a greater Bentsen role in helping to sell the administration's crime package. "Our rapport with Josh helped give Bentsen a prominent role in the crime debate," says one participant. "During those meetings, he just kept pushing and pushing, making sure no one forgot that Bentsen was a hunter, a good old boy; that this would be a natural role for him."



Joshua L. Steiner ☐ Coolidge Hill, Cambridge, MA 02138 ☐ (617) 491-8352 ☐ 17 Oct 65, Washington, DC ☐ Phillips Academy, Andover, MA ☐ History ☐ Varsity Lacrosse (1,2,3,4-Capt.); *International Forum at Yale* (1,2,3-Publisher).

Steiner also moved to choreograph a public relations campaign for Bentsen's new role—producing "a snappy little flip book on assault weapons"; making sure Bentsen "had a street sweeper in his hand every day for a week," according to one Treasury official. Says Michael Levy, Treasury's director of legislative affairs, "I'm supposed to be the guy who runs the secretary's life on the Hill. Not to make the secretary sound like a Potemkin village, which he's not, but Josh was the one who said, you know, that it would really be very useful for Bentsen to be seen going up the stairs of the Capitol, flanked by police officers. We ended up bringing in a group of police officers to line the stairs of the Capitol. Bentsen and Schumer came down, shaking hands and schmoozing. It made for great visuals on T.V. It made the front page of *USA Today*."

Steiner has also assumed other image-making duties, maneuvering to raise Bentsen's profile as a successful component of Clinton's foreign policy team. "When we were thinking about the D-Day trip, [Steiner] went out of his way to make sure I was aware of Bentsen's war history," says Gearan. When the State Department tried to freeze Bentsen out of the trip, arguing that the trip was diplomatic rather than cooperative, Steiner lobbied persistently for a role for the secretary. Then, at a photo-op at Coleville Cemetery, he went into action. "CNN was going to go into live coverage at 3:00," recalls Gearan. "Joshua was told that if Bentsen didn't get over to the set by ten of 3:00, he wouldn't make it on [CNN]. He started personally running the distance of the gravestones for CNN, hooking up the wires. I was in the press filing room. I look up on the screen. There's Lloyd Bentsen! And I thought, that's Josh. Kicking into high gear to make things happen for his principal."

V.

Washington has always been awash in impatient, self-important, highly educated, exceedingly willing young things; and so the generational reading of these success stories is popular, but, finally, it is not terribly interesting. Anyway, this is a city that ages its young very quickly. Kevin Thurm is balding. Ron Klain is roly-poly; you can hear him breathe. On the marked-up legal pad he carries around with him, a corner is reserved for personal items. "Mom," it reads. "Gym."

The nature of the Stephanopoulites' success is more revealing than their age. For these are the new breed of professional meritocratic politicians, obsessed with process and with bureaucratic agility. They are politically partisan, but they are unencumbered by philosophy. The distinction between who they know and what they know is very fine. They are not just handlers, but they would not be much offended if you thought they were. For handling, they will argue with some justice, has overwhelmed not only American politics, but also American government. They are not exactly cynics, but irony has been bred into their bones. And so, even as they protest a lofty loyalty to the aims of the administration, they maintain a certain distance from their own activity. They understand that on some level it's all a game.

Under their watch, things get done. Decisions get made. Staffers are stroked; principals nudged into line. Because of them, the administration is more effective, less incoherent. They are the solution, in part, to Clinton's competence problem; but that they are the solution is itself a problem. The real surprise about many of the twentysomethings and the thirtysomethings in the administration is that they are uncannily similar to many of the fortysomethings and the fiftysomethings in the administration. The Stephanopoulites, too, can spin and prettify; and they, too, are flexible about principles and a little indifferent about ideas. They are the president's perfect children. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Speaking Up for Silence

James Card writes:

> For me, Asta Nielsen's performance as Hamlet is far more moving than that of Laurence Olivier. Even with the advantages of Shakespeare's verse, Olivier seemed to me far less a haunted and melancholy Dane than was Asta Nielsen in her silent *Hamlet* of 1920.

Card's on the table, all right. No one can doubt this man's passion for silent film if, in comparing two versions of *Hamlet*, he considers Shakespeare's "verse" only an "advantage," the lack of which can be overcome.

Card is an eminent figure in the field of film archives. In 1948 he co-founded the George Eastman House of Photography in Rochester, New York, and was director of its department of film for twenty-nine years. Scholars, filmmakers, sheer enthusiasts have testified over and over again to the excellence of his collection and the cordiality of his help. Now, aged 78, he publishes **Seductive Cinema: The Art of Silent Film** (Knopf, 319 pp., $35). Of course his archives run up to the present, but the subtitle of his book shows where his heart tends.

Helped by 167 photographs, Card makes his case for the glories of the silents. (He also strikes some blows for historical accuracy and for the revision of reputations.) Others before him, especially in the early days of sound, made comparable cases, even arguing that the sound film was not the silent picture plus words but a different art with a different aesthetic. Card comes at the same view in his own way:

> What is the key to the seduction of silence? Is it the remoteness from cacophony of heavy metal and the ceaseless garrulousness of the T.V. tubes? Probably much of the special quality of silent cinema is a matter of participation. A talkie can be experienced by simply sitting and allowing the sound to wash over one. But to see and make any sense at all of a silent movie, we *have* to *participate.*

We needn't take this as fiat (I certainly don't) in order to understand the argument. Even allowing for the intertitles, it aligns silent film in some sort of analogy with ballet and mime, a performing art without speech.

The structure of Card's book is generally marked by its absence. Some of the chapters are devoted to single persons or topics, but often Card rambles, interestingly, interweaving autobiography with history, with enthusiasms, with curatorial views, with people who meant much to him, with peeves (semiology, for one). Once we adjust to the fact that this book is nothing like a programmatic history of the silent film, information and pleasure are plentiful.

His paean to the silent film arrives at a troublesome point in the study of film history. Card has taught in several universities, and he notes (this I *can* support) that undergraduates resist films without sound or color. Part of his response to this condition is to inform students that sound was used much earlier than is prevalently thought, though its use wasn't widespread until the late 1920s, and that color film was being shown long before color photography was perfected. (The coloring was done by hand, frame after frame, print after print. "Original 35mm prints of the pioneering movies were all tinted.")

But these are only historical data. As Card certainly knows, the best arguments are the films themselves: either they penetrate the now-ness of the undergraduate, which they sometimes do, or they don't.

Card makes an issue, rightly, of the speed at which silent films are projected. It's now a rule of thumb that silent films should run at sixteen frames per second, as against the twenty-four-frame speed of sound films. But Card emphasizes that, in silent days, cameras were hand-cranked and the speed of filming varied—deliberately. "Thus it should be remembered that it was taken for granted that early films would not be shown at a constant speed at all." He quotes a 1911 article:

> The operator "renders" a film, if he is a real operator, exactly as does the musician render a piece of music, in that, within limits, the action of a scene being portrayed depends entirely on his judgment.... No set rule applies.

Not many such operators can exist these days, but at least Card counters the sixteen-frame myth.

He gives chapters to C.B. DeMille, King Vidor, Monta Bell and Josef von Sternberg, making the case that each of these men has been insufficiently appre-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Boys of St. Vincent. *Two sequential films about the sexual abuse of boys in a Canadian Catholic orphanage. Fiction based on fact. Well-done, but more a study of one psychopathic friar than of monastic privation. (Reviewed 7/4/94)* **Four Weddings and a Funeral.** *Bright British comedy-romance written by Richard Curtis. High time that someone revived "The Tall Guy," another bright British comedy-romance written by Curtis, with Emma Thompson and Jeff Goldblum. (4/4/94)* **Freedom on My Mind.** *Survivors of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, 1964, comment on the history and fate of that movement. A bitter, hopeful documentary. (6/27/94)* **White.** *Adventures of a Polish hairdresser in Paris and Warsaw, trying to recapture his divorced wife. Mordant, funny, moving. (6/13/94)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciated. His case for DeMille is particularly strong. He notes that the Moses and Cleopatra films and similar ones came toward the end of a long, manifold career, much of which was in silents. "In 1915 there were released thirteen feature films directed by Cecil B. DeMille." Among them, and elsewhere, were works of imagination, venture and social candor.

In his fervor, Card occasionally makes errors. Apropos of DeMille, he says:

> Ernst Lubitsch did not arrive in the United States until 1923, three years after the release of *Why Change Your Wife?* [which] sparkles with infinitely more of the touches that have been traditionally attributed to Lubitsch than that German director ever achieved. Indeed, a strong case could be made that Lubitsch must have been influenced by the DeMille husband-and-wife movies in deciding to switch his own specialty from historical spectacles.

Card overlooks the fact that, before Lubitsch made spectacles, he made many comedies in Germany (with himself in some of them), including *The Mountain Cat* (1921), a real Lubitsch comedy if there ever was one. Card says, too, that Siegfried Kracauer began writing film criticism only after he emigrated to the United States. Kracauer arrived in 1941: he had been writing film criticism in Germany and France at least since 1927.

Card is weakest when he touches theater history. Two examples. In his devaluation of D. W. Griffith, relative to some other directors of that day, he says that Griffith "marred much of his finest work with the injection of unfunny comedy scenes," and he specifies the "rube comedians" in *Way Down East.* Unfunny they may perhaps be, but Griffith did not "inject" them: they were in the original (very successful) play from which the film was adapted.

Then Card says that, "from the seventeenth century on," behind the fame of every great actor was a director. "What became of their names?" Nothing: because, for most of the actors he cites, no such person existed. The profession of theater directing didn't really arise until the third quarter of the nineteenth century and, until the end of that century, was practiced mostly in Germany and France.

Still, if Card sometimes swings wildly in his campaign on behalf of silent films, it may be because he knows it's an uphill struggle, increasingly uphill every year. A more considered, better organized, more accurate book would have served him better; nonetheless, the anger of his love impresses and warms. •

The medieval church and the question of gay marriage.

A Groom of One's Own?

By Brent D. Shaw

I.

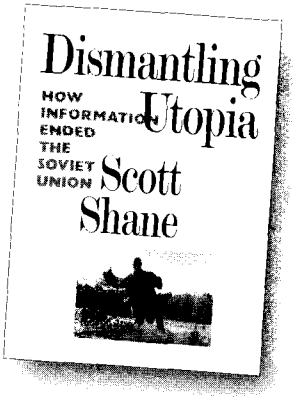
We find ourselves, all of us, in a historical crisis of gender. It has produced highly charged arguments over "Amendment 2" to the constitution of Colorado, and over the various legal actions that have stemmed from that controversial initiative. In Ontario, one of the larger provinces in my own country, it has produced acerbic debate and the defeat of a legislative bill that would have recognized same-sex unions as "marital" in nature, and would have granted them comparable rights and duties. No small part of the disputation is about definitions—What is a family? What is a marriage?—and about the social and political consequences of these definitions.

The relationship of historians and their work to this crisis is fraught and dangerous. The stakes are high. And so the appearance of a large book by a well-known historian from Yale University on what are, he says, historical precedents for homosexual marriages in Christian society and their official recognition by the Christian church, is bound to find a large readership and to stoke a vigorous debate. The publisher's announcement

Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe
by John Boswell
(Villard Books, 412 pp., $25)

Brent D. Shaw, currently at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, teaches history at the University of Lethbridge in Lethbridge, Alberta.

"Shane writes with such bracing authority, such startling insight, that *Dismantling Utopia* must be regarded as one of the essential works on the fall of the Soviet Union."
—Jonathan Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*



SCOTT SHANE
Dismantling Utopia
How Information Ended the Soviet Union

A brilliant and original account of how Gorbachev tried to "renew socialism" by easing information controls—and how the new freedom enjoyed by newspapers, TV, books, films, videotapes, and the popular culture destroyed the illusions of communism and drove the Soviet system to ruin.

"A critical book to understanding the era....Shane tells the story with grace, sympathy, and intelligence."—DAVID REMNICK

"A vivid, first-class eyewitness description and analysis."
—ALBERT RESIS, editor of *Molotov Remembers*

Just published in hardcover, $25

Ivan R. Dee, Publisher
1332 North Halsted Street, Chicago 60622
At your bookseller, or order toll free
1-800-634-0226 with a major credit card.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

excitedly warns that the work is "bound to be as controversial as the publication of the Dead Sea Scrolls." For John Boswell claims to have discovered a series of medieval manuscripts that record Christian church ceremonials for creating and blessing "same-sex unions"—for what were, in effect, marriages between men.

Apart from a foray into the problem of abandoned infants in ancient and early-modern European society, Boswell is best known for his investigation of the problematic relations between male homosexuals and the Christian church. His *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality: Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Fourteenth Century*, which appeared in 1980, was a learned and groundbreaking investigation of a subject that the author rightly categorized as "taboo." More than twelve years in the researching and writing, his new book on same-sex unions is similarly intended to reshape our interpretations of the past and our practices in the present.

Boswell attempts to demonstrate that "gay marriage ceremonies" were an accepted part of the early Christian church, and that the rituals that formalized such marriages were only later deliberately and consciously effaced by the church. He laudably provides the reader with transcriptions of the documents in the original Greek, along with his own English translations of them. No less laudably, he guides the reader through interpretations of his material that differ from his own.

Since the material that Boswell has uncovered is unfamiliar and impressive and controversial, it is perhaps best to give the reader some sense of it—his own English version of the text of one of these ceremonies. What follows is from an eleventh-century Greek manuscript labeled Grottaferrata Γ. B. II, and I have inserted some of the significant original Greek words in transcription.

Office for Same-Sex Union
[*Akolouthia eis adelphopoiesin*]

i.

The priest shall place the holy Gospel on the Gospel stand and they that are to be joined together place their right hands on it, holding lighted candles in their left hands. Then shall the priest cense them and say the following:

ii.

In peace we beseech Thee, O Lord.

For heavenly peace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

For the peace of the entire world, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

For this holy place, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

That these thy servants, N. and N., be sanctified with thy spiritual benediction, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

That their love [*agape*] abide without offense or scandal all the days of their lives, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

That they be granted all things needed for salvation and godly enjoyment of life everlasting, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

That the Lord God grant unto them unashamed faithfulness [*pistis*] and sincere love [*agape anhypokritos*], we beseech Thee, O Lord....

Have mercy on us, O God.

"Lord, have mercy" shall be said three times.

iii.

The priest shall say:

Forasmuch as Thou, O Lord and Ruler, art merciful and loving, who didst establish humankind after thine image and likeness, who didst deem it meet that thy holy apostles Philip and Bartholomew be united, bound one unto the other not by nature but by faith and the spirit. As Thou didst find thy holy martyrs Serge and Bacchus worthy to be united together [*adelphoi genesthai*], bless also these thy servants, N. and N., joined together not by the bond of nature but by faith and in the mode of the spirit [*ou desmoumenous desmi physeis alla pisteis kai pneumatikos tropi*], granting unto them peace [*eirene*] and love [*agape*] and oneness of mind. Cleanse from their hearts every stain and impurity and vouchsafe unto them to love one other [*to agapan allelous*] without hatred and without scandal all the days of their lives, with the aid of the Mother of God and all thy saints, forasmuch as all glory is thine.

iv.

Another Prayer for Same-Sex Union

O Lord Our God, who didst grant unto us all those things necessary for salvation and didst bid us to love one another and to forgive each other our failings, bless and consecrate, kind Lord and lover of good, these thy servants who love each other with a love of the spirit [*tous pneumatike agape heautous agapesantas*] and have come into this thy holy church to be blessed and consecrated. Grant unto them unashamed fidelity [*pistis*] and sincere love [*agape anhypokritos*], and as Thou didst vouchsafe unto thy holy disciples and apostles thy peace and love, bestow them also on these, O Christ our God, affording to them all those things needed for salvation and life eternal. For Thou art the light and the truth and thine is the glory.

v.

Then shall they kiss the holy Gospel and the priest and one another, and conclude.

It is this ceremonial, and blessings like these, that Boswell claims to be part of a lost, or deliberately suppressed, tradition of church-legitimized same-sex marriages between men.

II.

Boswell's argument stands or falls on his interpretation of a series of documents relating to a singular ritual practiced in the Christian church during antiquity and the high middle ages, principally in the lands of the eastern Mediterranean. The bonds between men that are confirmed in these church rituals are cautiously (and a little coyly) labeled by him as "same-sex unions." For his arguments to have the force that he wishes them to have, however, the words "same-sex" and "union" must be construed to mean "male homosexual" and "marriage." If they signify other sorts of associations that happened to be same-sex in gender, or unions that were meant for purposes other than marriage or a permanent affective union, then his claims fail.

For this reason, the narrative chapters of his book are ancillary, in that they digress on other aspects of the general problems of marriage and family formation in a way that is designed to support Boswell's claims about the supposed same-sex marriage rituals. His larger investigation of the nature of "heterosexual" marriage and love, and their attendant vocabulary in the Greco-Roman world, is undertaken to demonstrate that his interpretation of the "same-sex union" rituals is the most probable one.

Given the centrality of Boswell's "new" evidence, therefore, it is best to begin by describing his documents and their import. These documents are liturgies for an ecclesiastical ritual called *adelphopoiesis* or, in simple English, the "creation of a brother." Whatever these texts are, they are not texts for marriage ceremonies. Boswell's translation of their titles (*akolouthia eis adelphopoiesin* and parallels) as "The Order of Celebrating the Union of Two Men" or "Office for Same-Sex Union" is inaccurate. In the original, the titles say no such thing. And this sort of tendentious translation of the documents is found, alas, throughout the book. Thus the Greek words that Boswell translates as "be united together" in the third section of the document quoted above are, in fact, rather ordinary words that mean "become brothers" (*adelphoi genesthai*); and when they are translated in this more straightforward manner, they impart a quite different sense to the reader.

Whatever effect these liturgical ceremonials were intended to achieve, it is clear that they used ecclesiastical formalities to make two men "brothers," and employed various rituals and symbolic claims to confirm this relationship within the confines of the church. All of Boswell's documents relate to practices

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rooted in the societies of Greece, the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries—though, as he rightly argues, they surely reflect practices that were current from periods dating back to the end of the Roman empire, and probably earlier. The original documents that he cites are therefore in Greek, the ecclesiastical lingua franca of the eastern Mediterranean. The only Western versions of them are translations made into Latin from the original Greek prayer and liturgical books—wherein, notably, it seems that the Latin translators did not understand the purpose of the originals very well.

The ecclesiastical rituals that bless *adelphopoiesis*, or the making of a brother, include prayers and invocations of Christian virtues, particularly *agape*, or the Christian concept of love. They note that conditions of peace, not conditions of hate or vituperation, should exist between the two parties. Appeal is also made to pairs of men in the Christian tradition who were thought to exemplify these virtues: Philip and Bartholomew, among the disciples of Christ, and Serge and Bacchus, among the martyrs of the early church. Other elements of the ceremonial include, most significantly, the shaking or "juncture" of right hands; the exchanging of tokens; the mutual bestowing of a ritualistic kiss; and the holding of a celebratory feast or banquet to mark the occasion.

Such agreements and rituals are "same-sex" in the sense that it is two men who are involved; and they are "unions" in the sense that the two men involved are co-joined as "brothers." But that is it. There is no indication in the texts themselves that these are marriages in any sense that the word would mean to readers now, nor in any sense that the word would have meant to persons then: the formation of a common household, the sharing of everything in a permanent co-residential unit, the formation of a family unit wherein the two partners were committed, ideally, to each other, with the intent to raise children, and so on.

Although it is difficult to state precisely what these ritualized relationships were, most historians who have studied them are fairly certain that they deal with a species of "ritualized kinship" that is covered by the term "brotherhood." (This type of "brotherhood" is similar to the ritualized agreements struck between members of the Mafia or other "men of honor" in our own society.) That explains why the texts on *adelphopoiesis* in the prayerbooks are embedded within sections dealing with other kinship-forming rituals, such as marriage and adoption. Giovanni Tomassia in the 1880s and Paul Koschaker in the 1930s, whose works Boswell knows and cites, had already reached this conclusion.

This likely interpretation is made more likely by an extensive modern study of which Boswell appears to be unaware. In 1987 Gabriel Herman, a professor of history at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, published *Ritualized Friendship and the Greek City*. In that book, and in several papers and articles on the subject published in leading journals of history and literature, Herman has analyzed the phenomenon of fictive "brotherhood" and "friendship" in the context of the world of the Greek city-state, and also in the cultures of the ancient Near East and in the regions that would later become parts of Slavonic Europe. In Herman's studies one finds all the phenomena regarded as indicative of "same-sex marriage" by Boswell: the ritual of the handshake, the exchange of tokens and right hands (*dexiai*), the declarations of love and friendship and of "no hostility or animosity" between the two parties, the exchange of a ritualistic kiss and the celebration of a common feast or banquet at the time of the formation of the compact.

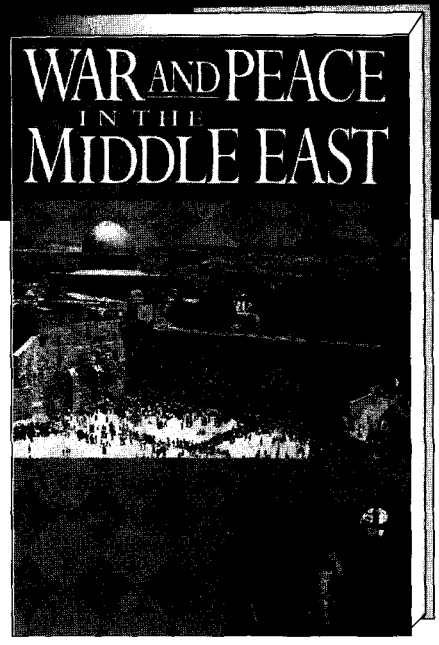
Such ceremonials created ritualized friends who often spoke of each other as

Untangling the complexities of the Middle East

WAR AND PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

A CRITIQUE OF AMERICAN POLICY

AVI SHLAIM



"Conscise, passionately argued... Sparked by Shlaim's dry wit."

— *Kirkus Reviews*

The recent Israel-PLO accord is only the most recent surprise in a region whose politics often seem complex to the point of mysteriousness. Now, a leading expert on international relations helps decipher the latest diplomatic tilt and rumors of war from an American policy perspective, finding answers in a historical context that is often overlooked.

At bookstores now from Viking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"brothers" and forged a close bond of brotherhood between themselves. They were "made brothers" rather than "brothers by nature." Hence the terminology, in Boswell's documents, of *adelphopoiesis*, or the ritual connected with "the making of a brother," and the phrases in his liturgical documents that specify that the two men "are not joined by the bond of nature, but rather by means of faith / trust and spirit," or similar words. This is why the documents contain references to the right of "protective asylum" (*asylon anepereastos*) and "safe conduct" (*asphaleia*) as divine attributes.

The kinds of words used to express the new relationship of "brothers" (words that are also found in Boswell's ecclesiastical rituals) were employed precisely because the men often entered into these relationships not out of love, but out of fear and suspicion. Hence the effusive emphasis on safety and trust. These relationships form as close a parallel in social institutions and practices as one could wish to have as background to the church ceremonials described in the texts cited by Boswell. Although such rituals did create fictive kinship links between the parties to them, these links were never mistaken or confused with the union of marriage. They were not undertaken primarily for erotic or affective reasons, for household formation, nor, even theoretically, for the procreation of children and the continuation of household lines.

There is only one segment of one document in Boswell's book that contains part of a liturgical service designed for a marriage ceremony: the fifth and sixth sections of the Grottaferrata manuscript of the eleventh century. Its words, which do refer to a wedding (*gamos*) and to the ceremonial use of crowns (*stephanoi*) in the ritual "crowning" of the bride and groom, give Boswell grounds to expatiate on the significance of these terms and the ceremonials involved. But there is no mention here of a same-sex union. From even a cursory reading of all of the documents, it is apparent that the original text of the "making of a brother" ceremony terminates at the end of section four of the manuscript in question. What Boswell prints as section five and section six of this document, as if they were a seamless continuation of the ritual of *adelphopoiesis*, belong in fact to an entirely different and separate document, which was indeed connected with a ceremony of marriage. The questionable joining of the two documents as if they were one enables Boswell to appeal throughout his main text to the totality of the documents as if they are all variant types of a marriage ceremonial, which they are not.

III.

The rest of Boswell's book does nothing other than provide an interpretive basis for the erroneous claims made about these documents, and there is little in it that is new or significant. His first chapter on "the vocabulary of love and marriage" rightly emphasizes the ambiguity of the terms used to describe love and marriage—he discusses, for example, the strong contextualization of what "to love" or "to kiss" might mean. But tendentious arguments constantly slip into the presentation. Two examples will have to suffice.

Bayerisches National Museum, Munich

CHRIST AND SAINT JOHN

To justify the reading of "love" in his sources as having erotic content, Boswell has to demonstrate that the noun *agape*, "love," and the verb *agapan*, "to love," could be used to describe any sort of love relationship, including a wholly erotic one. This is clearly not the case. Any thorough study of the term *agape* will justify the traditional view that this was an unusual Christian coinage when applied to love. It signaled, as a novel virtue, an ability to accept and to embrace one's entire condition as a part of a millennially transformed world. As Boswell himself notes, the vocabulary of pre-Christian physical and sexual love—for example, the verb *eran*, meaning to love erotically—is almost wholly absent from the New Testament. Although the Christian term *agape* did occasionally enter the discourse of other late Greek writers as an alternative manner of expressing physical or erotic love, such usages are extremely rare. But that is hardly the point. What remains indisputable is the significance of the word in ecclesiastical, theological and liturgical writings—in the specific genres of Boswell's "same-sex union" documents.

Another misleading lexical interpretation is Boswell's treatment of the word *adelphos* or "brother." He believes that the word "brother" designates a homosexual lover. "The term 'brother,' " he writes, "was widely understood in the Roman world to denote a permanent partner in a homosexual relationship." This is a possible meaning in some genres (in, say, Greco-Roman romantic novels); but context must be given priority in interpretation, since it is context that determines the meaning that was normally to be understood. One cannot abuse a mere possibility as sufficient grounds for asserting that a word, in this instance the word "brother," must have had precisely this significance in a series of Christian liturgical texts.

Boswell's tendency to misconstrue evidence extends beyond simple matters of definition, however, to the very social institutions that are central to his analysis. So, in his treatment of "heterosexual matrimony" in the Greco-Roman world, he is careless not only with proofs and concepts, but also with modern vocabulary. To label matrimony in Roman society as "heterosexual," as Boswell consistently labels it, is misleading, since it suggests that there was some form of "homosexual" matrimony recognized by the same social order. The plain fact is that there never was such a formally acknowledged alternative. Boswell describes marriages in Roman society as things that were "primarily a property arrangement" or "business deals"; he claims that "divorce was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very common"; and, perhaps most astoundingly, he asserts that "children were not integral to the ideal of marriage." A brief consideration of some of the best documented upper-class families of the period, such as the family of Cicero, will readily demonstrate that even on this highly property-conscious level of society, marriage and marital relationships can hardly be reduced to the crude scheme presented by Boswell.

As for the purpose of producing children, what else can one add when the *tabulae nuptiales*, or marital agreements, which were part of the contractual arrangements between the married couple, specifically stated, in conformity with the norms espoused by "pagan" philosophers and Christian bishops and theologians, that marriage was primarily intended for the procreation of children, or *liberorum procreandorum causa*? In all these matters, Boswell creates a portrait of "heterosexual" marriages that is a caricature, and not at all a fair reflection of the day-to-day realities of such unions. Although he frequently cites Susan Treggiari's *Roman Marriage*, the most recent comprehensive analysis of matrimony in the Roman world, Boswell ignores Treggiari's basic findings: that love and affection, a type of (admittedly asymmetrical) sexual fidelity between the partners, the procreation of children, the sharing of resources, the hope of a lifelong union only to be ended by death and other such ideals were central to the Roman concept and the Roman practice of marriage.

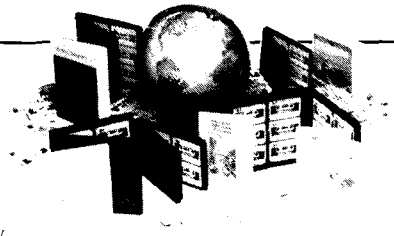
It must be admitted that the problems and readings of family history faced by Boswell are of a very high order of difficulty. The best historians who have tried to cope with definitions of marriage and the family in the past have often found themselves in an obstinate morass, for past practices were no less diverse and nebulous than those of the present, and the gap between ideological presentations of family life and the realities of family life was no less difficult to gauge. One can no more speak of *the* model Roman family than one can speak of the model American family today. The potential variation was great. Then, as now, the model of what a family was relied upon tacit negative definitions or assumptions about what it was not.

Still, the definitions that we do have, the pre-Christian Roman ones, legal and literary, and the later Christian theological and canonical ones, are unanimous in regarding marriage or *matrimonium* invariably as a union of opposite sexes: *male and female*. The core Roman legal definition of marriage is explicit on the matter. It quite consciously and deliberately does not refer to distinctions of social status (husband and wife as *maritus* and *uxor*), or even to those of gender (man and woman as *vir* and *femina*), but instead it rather carefully refers to sexual differences, and defines marriage as the joining of male and female, *coniunctio maris et feminae*. (I refer to *Digest*, 23.2.11, and also 1.1.3, where marriage is explicitly associated with the procreation of children.)

This sexual definition was explicit and constant, while the romantic, loving or affective elements were variable. Hence different expectations of such a union are expressed; but no possibility is ever considered other than one constituted of these basic elements. Similarly, what a family was varied in terms of space, time, life cycle, region, culture and social class. It began with postulates of marriage and family formation by means of children, but it then diverged from these central assumptions and legal definitions. A single man, if he was a legally autonomous person, together with his household of personal slaves, would constitute a *familia*. There were numerous deviations, then, from the core definition, numerous possibilities; but there were always limits, negative frontiers were always encountered and beyond them there never existed any conception that the union of two males could possibly constitute a family—even in cases of the *frereche*, the consortium or sharing of property between two unmarried brothers.

As in most historical societies, formal definitions, elastic practices and assumed boundaries regarding family and marriage existed simultaneously in Rome. Some of them stood in manifest contradiction. One of the dominant models of the Roman *familia* in the legal codes was that of a multigenerational male descent lineage under the domination of a very powerful and senior household head, the "father of the family" or *paterfamilias*. But the tendency of most Roman families that were not in the propertied elite, and that formed the majority of the population in the cities and towns of the empire, was to the continual re-forming of small "nuclear" or elementary families. The power elite, needless to say, lived in a rather different sexual and familial world, and it is the world that overwhelmingly dominates our surviving literary records. It would be a mistake to take the legally prescriptive texts of the wealthy and the powerful as offering realistic definitions of family and marriage for most persons in this society. While recognizing some of the complexity of Roman marriage and

Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by the Foreign Service Institute of the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook.

☐ Arabic (Saudi)	$185	☐ Japanese	$185	☐ Serbo-Croatian	$195
☐ Cantonese	$185	☐ Korean	$195	☐ Slovak	$185
☐ French	$185	☐ Lakota	$185	☐ Spanish	$185
☐ French Level II	$215	☐ Latvian	$185	☐ Spanish Level II	$165
☐ German	$185	☐ Lithuanian	$135	☐ Swahili	$225
☐ German Level II	$155	☐ Mandarin	$185	☐ Swedish	$185
☐ Greek	$185	☐ Persian	$185	☐ Tagalog	$295
☐ Hebrew	$255	☐ Polish	$185	☐ Thai	$195
☐ Hindi	$185	☐ Portuguese (Brazilian)	$215	☐ Turkish	$195
☐ Hungarian	$195			☐ Ukrainian	$195
☐ Italian	$185	☐ Russian	$255	☐ Vietnamese	$225

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee, by calling toll-free **1-800-243-1234** or by fax (203) 453-9774, or by mail by clipping this ad and sending with your name and address and a check or money order — or charge to any major credit card, by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature. Our 56-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offers courses in 91 languages. Call or write for your free copy. Our 22nd year.

AUDIO-FORUM® THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum, Room G755,
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family patterns, Boswell leaves the matter there. He does not advance to an explicit recognition of the fact that, all the haziness notwithstanding, there were well-known and firmly set boundaries to the conception and the conduct of marriage in the Roman world.

IV.

To sustain his argument, Boswell must constantly tear words, sentences and larger statements out of the social and literary contexts in which they were embedded. Of this, I will give only a single example, but it is a particularly characteristic one. The essay titled *Toxaris*, which was composed by the second-century Greek writer Lucian, is invoked several times by Boswell to demonstrate the intense homoerotic content of unions formed between two men, and to sustain one of his arguments that such "friendships" were in fact male marriages. The problem is that a few lines or paragraphs wrenched from the context of the whole work impart a distorted picture to the reader of what is actually happening.

Lucian's essay is a fictitious dialogue between a Greek called Mnesippos and a Scythian named Toxaris on the subject of "friendship" (*philia*) between men. It is not just any sort of friendship, however, but precisely the sort of "ritualized" or fictive friendship between two powerful and potentially hostile men that has been cogently analyzed by Herman. Whatever homoerotic feelings and sentiments might have been part of the affective content of such a relationship, and there is no denying that in some cases homosexual men may have found emotional satisfaction in such socially sanctioned "friendship," this does not add up to an understanding of the social institution itself, and it certainly does not make it a "same-sex union" in the sense of being a marriage. It is this kind of decontextualization that permits Boswell to string together isolated pieces of evidence that lead him in the wrong direction.

The text of Lucian's *Toxaris* is important, since Boswell uses it as a critical proof for one of "three types of formal unions," of which "more detail is known." This union, he argues at length, was a type of same-sex union of two men, explicitly stating that it is a strict analogue to "heterosexual" marriage. The positive evidence that Boswell adduces in support of same-sex marriage practices is worth examining in detail. As the Scythian Toxaris makes clear in his summation of Mnesippos's examples of "friendship" between men in Greek societies of the time, such friendships permit these men to achieve heroic deeds. But note what such accomplishments are: marrying an ugly wife without a dowry, giving money to the amount of two talents to the daughter of a friend on her marriage, and the sharing of a period of temporary imprisonment.

When the Scythian Toxaris gives examples of male *philia* in his own society, he begins by noting that the Greeks "have no great occasions at all" on which to display their *philia* because they live in conditions of "profound peace," or *eirene batheia*. The Scythians, by contrast, are constantly involved in war and fighting. The words of Toxaris that follow are worth quoting not only because Boswell repeatedly avers to them, but also because they provide us with one of the closest analogues to the relationship referred to in his ecclesiastical documents:

> First of all, I wish to tell you how we make our friends. Not through being drinking buddies, like you people do, not because a man has been in army cadet training with us [*synephebos*] and not because he's our neighbor. No. When we see a brave man capable of achieving great things, it's then that we all become eager to get close to him. And just as you behave when you are trying to get married, we think it right to behave in this same way in forming friends—wooing them at great length and with much effort, and doing everything to ensure that we do not lose their friendship and are rejected. Then when the decision has been made to accept someone as a friend [*philos*], an agreement is made and a great oath is sworn that we will live together and, if necessary, even die for each other. We actually do this. For when we have cut our fingers, let the blood drip into a cup, dipped our sword points into it and then, together, both at the same time have raised it to our lips and have drunk, there is nothing that happens afterwards that can possibly break the link between us. We are allowed to enter into three such alliances at most, since we think that a man who has [too] many friends [*polyphilos*] is like immoral and adulterous women, and we consider that the strength of his friendship is no longer the same when it has been split between [too] many loyalties [*pollai eunoiai*].

This is a distorting "colonialist" fiction, a Greek writer imagining what the barbarians do, and therefore a literary interpretation of the lived realities of Scythian life. Still, there is enough in the account that is reliable to make a basic assumption in it clear: that the fictional Scythian speaker is not referring to anything like same-sex male marriages, but rather to an intense social bond that was formed between men of power for the purpose of coping with the lack of formal institutions in their society and the violent behavior that pervaded it. He likens the actions undertaken by Scythian men in forming this bond to the sorts of rituals used by the civilized and peaceful Greeks in the pursuit of the women whom they wish to make their wives. But the comparison is clearly and forcefully signaled as a metaphor, as a social simile. Scythian "friendship" is clearly not marriage, since most of the men are described as having wives and children, and Toxaris's third story of such a "friendship" involves three "friends" assisting one of their own to achieve a marriage—to help the man in the successful pursuit of the woman whom he loves and wishes to wed.

Toxaris specifically states that the purposes of forming such male alliances are personal protection and violence: raiding; the conduct of wars and vengeance; the protection of possessions of herds, pasture lands and wagons; the defense of community. He provides illustrations of how such ritual friendship or *philia* allows men to marshal the resources of kin and friends to assemble whole armies, and to use the ascribed power of blood rituals, compacts, promises and exchanges of tokens to control resources vital to their survival. The details of this *philia* given by Toxaris sometimes involve three men simultaneously, though it is clear that such men also have families, wives and children and other species of property that these personal alliances were meant to protect and to subserve. These "friendships" are specifically stated as giving men power to effect aims that they would not be able to achieve on their own. But here is Boswell's recapitulation of these *philia* relationships between Scythian men:

> They [artificial kinship relations] were often, for example, symbolic ratifications of peace, pledges of cooperation between warriors or peoples, or means of forming ties between families or tribes.... But there is absolutely no suggestion of any of these functions in Toxaris's description of the Scythian practice ... there is no indication that any other family or tribal members are involved; and the bond is not presented as political or strategic, or as having any broader social significance than personal emotional attachment. Its significance is manifestly and unmistakably personal and affectional.

Apart from Boswell's hyperbolic denials of direct statements in the *Toxaris*, there is little I can say except that he and I must be reading different texts.

Boswell then juxtaposes three texts from Roman legal codes and claims that they demonstrate his "third type of formal same-sex union," which involved the legal practice of "collateral adoption": one man adopted another as his brother

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NPG Statement on Population

We Believe that the Optimum Rate of Population Growth is Negative

We believe that the optimum **rate** of population growth for the United States (and for the world) is **negative** until such time as the **scale** of economic activity, and its environmental effects, are reduced to a level that would be sustainable indefinitely.

We are convinced that if present rates of population and economic growth are allowed to continue, the end result, within the lifetimes of many of us, would inevitably be near universal poverty in a hopelessly polluted nation and world.

We agree with Professor Herman Daly who has pointed out that the human economy is a subset of the biosphere, and that **the current scale of economic activity relative to the biosphere is already far too large to be sustainable indefinitely**.

Stabilization Is Not Enough

We believe that calls for merely slowing down rapid population growth, or for stabilizing population at present or even higher levels, **are totally inadequate**.

Such proposals, while presented as a solution, **fail to address the central issue**: how to create a national (and world) economy that will be sustainable indefinitely.

At present or at even higher levels of population, neither the application of science and technology, nor simplifying life-styles, nor any combination of the two, can offer any hope of reducing our impact on the environment to a sustainable level.

We Need a Smaller Population

We recognize that our impact on the environment in terms of pollution and resource depletion is the product of our numbers times our per capita consumption of energy and materials. Thus, there are only three ways by which that impact can be reduced:

- By reducing the size of our population by a negative rate of population growth.
- By reducing over consumption (in the United States and other developed countries) by simplifying life-styles.
- By reducing resource depletion and pollution per unit of consumption through more efficient use of energy and materials.

Population size is by far the most critical of those three variables. **Nevertheless, our present scale of economic activity is so large relative to the biosphere that all three measures are needed in order to reduce it to a sustainable level.**

An Urgent Need

Over 20 years ago, when our U.S. population was far smaller, (about 202 million, rather than our present 260 million), Professor John Holdren correctly saw the urgent need for a negative rate of population growth. At that time he wrote,

"...What is surprising...is that there is not more agreement concerning what the rate of change of population size should be. For given the uncertain, but possibly grave, risks associated with substantially increasing our impact on the environment, and given that population growth aggravates or impedes the solution of a wide variety of other problems...it should be obvious that the optimum **rate** of population growth is zero or negative until such time as the uncertainties have been removed and the problems solved."

A Population Goal for Our Country

We must have, first of all, a nationally-determined population goal for our country, accompanied by effective policies to achieve it.

We urge Congress and President Clinton to set, as a top priority national goal, **the achievement of a negative rate of population growth for the United States until such time as the scale of our economic activity is reduced to a sustainable level**.

We also call on our political leaders to urge other nations to pursue a similar goal.

Please help us build broad public support for a national policy to achieve a negative rate of population growth.

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. ***We are the only organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.***

Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows. As reported to the IRS on our most recent Form 990, our fundraising and administrative expense was only 13.3 percent of our total income.

YES! I want to become a member of NPG, and help you work toward a smaller U.S. and world population. I am enclosing my check for annual membership dues.

____$30 ____$50 ____$100 ____Other

Name_____

Address _____

City _____State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Negative Population Growth, Inc.
210 The Plaza, P.O. Box 1206, Teaneck, NJ 07666

NR-194

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and hence as a marital partner. These matters are legal and complex, and it is best to take them in turn. The first text (*Digest* 38.2.59) says nothing at all about adoption. It merely states the conditions under which a person can nominate someone as an heir to his or her property. The jurist Paul then adds that if someone is not a biological brother but you treat him as one, you may call the person by the name "brother" when you designate him as heir, and the testament will still be valid. That is all. There is nothing said about adopting the person. The second passage (*Digest*, 38.8.3) does indeed mention "adoptive brothers," but from the context it seems clear that the jurist is treating nothing other than the ordinary problem of siblings, one of whom might happen to be adopted, and the consequences that would follow from this fact for inheritance.

So far, therefore, there is no evidence whatever for adult males adopting other adult men as their brothers. The singular reference to such a possibility is contained in a late third-century legal decision issued by the Roman emperors (*Codex Justinianus*, 6.24.7). It is a solitary case referring to an eastern Mediterranean context that was not understood by the emperors themselves. In any event, they denied the legal validity of the attempt at fraternal adoption. That is it. Boswell then claims that scholars have deliberately refused to consider the institution of adult men adopting other men as their "brothers" as a formal type of homosexual union, "because it could not be honestly considered in the moral and intellectual climate of Europe or the United States in the last two centuries." "The only convincing explanation for collateral adoption," he continues, "would seem to be its peculiar personal and emotional value, about which scholars writing in the last century have shown so slight a curiosity as to border on aversion." This verges on paranoia. Except for one brief imperial legal decision, there is no evidence for the supposed institutional practice of adult male adoption as a form of same-sex marriage. The uniqueness and the lack of context of that one legal ruling, and not any malign conspiracy of silence, are more than sufficient to account for the lack of scholarly curiosity.

Boswell's analysis of the Christian church and matrimony is designed to downplay the former's concerns with family formation and marriage, and thus to reduce the latter to a more secular, contractual relationship that would be more easily transferable to "same-sex unions." He ends his discussion with an extensive analysis of the late antique and early medieval hagiographical accounts of the Roman soldier-martyrs Serge and Bacchus. The data adduced are peculiar selections that favor his own interpretation. Thus, in Boswell's words, the public parading of miscreants as a punishment either by itself, or as a prelude to execution, "does recall the penalty for homosexual acts described by Procopius, Malalas and Theophanes." Those authors alluded to the same ritualistic punishment for pederastic relations. But the fact is that this punishment was in no way especially limited to persons committing "homosexual acts." Public exposure, and the humiliation achieved by parading criminals through public streets, was habitually enforced on many types of outcasts in the Roman empire, including Christians. The use of the punishment might hint at an element of homoerotic relations between Serge and Bacchus, but not necessarily, since the entire martyrological account has them executed because they were Christians and for no other reason.

Boswell's analysis of "same-sex unions" is on firmer ground when he creates a typology that extends from males who were sexually exploited by other men because they were dominated or owned by them to free and volitional relationships between male lovers. But the leap to the formation of permanent relations that were in fact marital—"the fourth type of homosexual relationship known in the ancient world consisted of formal unions"—is not underwritten by any solid or persuasive data. Almost all his examples are ones repeated from his first book—for example, the vituperative attacks by the imperial biographer Suetonius and the historian Tacitus on the extravagant behavior of Nero, including his "marriage" to one Sporus. But neither Suetonius nor Tacitus regards this "union" as a genuine marriage, and the entire effect of their explicit condemnation of Nero's behavior is founded on the assumption that their readers share the same view.

Language, context and assumed meaning clearly show that the other Roman authors cited by Boswell, including the satirist Martial, were never remotely referring to a separate and parallel sphere of male "same-sex marriages," but rather to what they perceived as a perversion of the only known, and acceptable, type of marriage. That is what made their satire work. It was designed, after all, as an aggressive attack on the character of the disparaged person. Hence it is astounding to see Boswell reach the conclusion, on the basis of a single passage from Juvenal's *Satires*, that homosexual marriages were "absolutely commonplace." If that were so, Juvenal's lines would lack the wit and the mordant punch that were obviously intended by their author. Such lapses are, alas, too frequent in Boswell's attempt to provide a literary and historical basis for his argument. Boswell translates a passage from the Greek historian Xenophon as "the man and the boy live together like married people," only to admit in a footnote that "like married people is not literally expressed." In fact, the words are not in the original at all; they are gratuitously provided by Boswell.

V.

The practices and the rituals performed by the men in Boswell's documents, and also the emotional and erotic connections that are so richly described by him, may seem unusual or frightening to us, given our codes of civility, morality and masculinity. There is a nice irony here: the ancient and medieval world about which Boswell writes was not riven by the same anxieties and repressions that mark our own. In that world, public and affective bonds between men were typical, even banal. But this is not the same thing as the legitimization, or the sacralization, of homosexuality. The "new" documents that Boswell has unearthed are nothing more than a few additional texts that shed more light on a primitive and basic power linkage between men in the ancient Mediterranean, and the rituals attendant on its formation.

By the time Boswell's ecclesiastical documents celebrated or blessed this type of personal arrangement, it had been brought at least partially under the aegis of the Christian church. As the structures of the law and the civil institutions of the state became more dominant, particularly in Western Europe, the church wished to divest itself of a ceremonial that was intended to substantiate a type of personal power that, in synchrony with the state, it now excoriated. Ritualized friendship naturally survived much longer in parts of the eastern Mediterranean, and especially in the mountainous regions of the Balkans, where more primitive forms of personal power have tended to subsist. There might well have been homoerotic elements to some of these "brotherhood" relationships, and a rather alien Greek ritual may have been misunderstood by some of its Latin translators; both of those possibilities deserve more attention than they have received by historians. But same-sex marriages forged with the approval of the Christian church,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and with its rituals? No. Such a reading is very misleading.

The data of the past may not be all that happy for the liberationist movements of our time. Why else would those movements come into being? But what the sources record is, for better or for worse, what the sources record. A good part of what they record, certainly, is made up of systematic and successful repressions; but tinkering with the moral balance of the past is a disservice to the study of history and to the reform of society. The past is dead. We cannot change it. What we can change is the future; but the way to a better future requires an unsentimental and accurate understanding of what happened in the past, and why. A more civil and humane modernity will not be achieved by tendentious misreadings of antiquity. •

The Rules of the Game

BY TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Diplomacy by Henry Kissinger

(Simon & Schuster, 912 pp., $35)

There is an obvious problem. Should one review the book or the author? Henry Kissinger's own answer is made clear by the way in which his book is written: magisterial, striving to be balanced, remarkably restrained in the use of the first-person singular. So much so, in fact, that he writes "the Nixon administration" or even "Nixon" when what is meant is clearly "I" or "me," or at least the historical figure (as opposed to the historian) Henry Kissinger. In any case, he clearly wants his book to be taken on its own merits or demerits, not on his own. It is a fair request.

Even if one resists the temptation to review the author rather than the book, there is a further problem. Which book does one review? For this is not one book, it is at least three. There is the history of the foreign relations of the great powers from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, from Richelieu to Reagan, and this is diplomatic history in the grand style. There is the modern Machiavelli addressing, with sage and vulpine counsel, the makers of American foreign policy at the end of the twentieth century. And there is a slim volume, some eighty pages long, about Vietnam. These are all, of course, closely connected, as are the man and the work; but they are not wholly integrated. I don't propose to discuss the little book about Vietnam, except insofar as Kissinger draws general lessons for the modern prince (or president) from that experience. This is the section that comes closest to being a personal apologia, and the sense of old quarrels still protrudes through the stately prose.

After two introductory chapters, a very general one about the "new world order" and a more specific one setting up Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt as epitomes of the two main American approaches to foreign policy, Kissinger harks back to Richelieu for the beginning of his diplomatic history. The premise of this history is that a "balance of power" system has been the exception rather than the rule in the history of international relations. The attempts to achieve such a system, and the ultimate failures of those attempts, are at the center of his work.

This history, let it be said at once, is a remarkable achievement. Simply to cover almost four centuries of the foreign relations of the great powers in a coherent narrative is an achievement; but Kissinger does it with style, surefooted selectivity, conceptual consistency, vivid sketches of individual statesmen and repeated flashes of dry wit. He is outstandingly good on the whole long nineteenth century, from Vienna to Versailles. His pages on the Congress of Berlin are pure delight. There is "the vain and aged Gorchakov" taking his final curtain-call. "I do not wish to be extinguished like a lamp that is smoking," he declares on arriving in Berlin, "I want to sink down as though I were a star." There, center-stage, are the two great *Realpolitiker*, Bismarck and Disraeli. "When asked to reflect on the center of gravity at the congress," Kissinger tells us, "Bismarck pointed to Disraeli: *Der alte Jude, das ist der Mann*," the old Jew, he is the man; and the faint hint of self-reference only adds spice to a brilliant account.

SENIOR EDITOR

Prison Fellowship in Reston, VA seeks Senior Editor to write and edit commentaries and manage contract/staff writers for Chuck Colson's radio broadcast, BreakPoint. BreakPoint critiques the modern culture and argues persuasively for a biblical worldview. Requires 8 years experience writing and editing; strong administrative skills; and educational background in apologetics, philosophy, theology or related experience. Send resume to: P. O. Box 17500 Washington, DC 20041-0500.

A Perfect Gift for
Word Lovers

VEX® is a deluxe word game for two players or teams, crafted in Vermont. VEX includes a fine wooden gameboard and case, 107 wooden letter tiles, a soft, 100% cotton, burgundy letter bag, and wooden score pegs. Attractive, *addictive*, VEX will delight true word lovers! Order VEX as a gift for someone special ...or treat yourself! *Gifts can be shipped direct.*

$49.95. **1-800-789-GAME**

VEX is a registered trademark of Wood-on-Brook Games

Modern Editions of Classic Works for Today's Readers

EDUCATION AND THE STATE

A Study in Political Economy

Third Edition, Revised and Expanded
By E. G. West
Foreword by Arthur Seldon

A major accomplishment.
—Milton Friedman

Education and the State reexamines the role of government in education and challenges the fundamental statist assumption that the state is best able to provide an education for the general population. West examines the arguments of nineteenth-century British reformers and demonstrates that the state system of education in nineteenth-century Britain was superimposed over successful private efforts, thereby suppressing an emerging and increasingly robust structure of private, voluntary, and competitive education funded by families, churches, and philanthropies.

Education and the State addresses as well the American situation in education, applying the lessons learned from the study of British institutions.

Hardcover	$14.00	0-86597-134-x
Paperback	$ 8.00	0-86597-135-8

To order call (800) 955-8335 or fax (317) 579-6060.
We pay book-rate postage on all prepaid orders.
Please allow approximately four weeks for delivery.

Liberty Fund Inc.

8335 Allison Pointe Trail, Suite 300, Dept. U44, Indianapolis, IN 46250-1687

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is apt that the front of the book shows a photograph of Bismarck greeting other statesmen at the Congress of Berlin, for here Kissinger is completely at home. The back of the book shows a photograph of Kissinger himself meeting Mao, almost as if to say: there's Bismarck with Gorchakov, here's me with Mao. The same great game. But a question arises with ever louder insistence as one advances into the narrative of the twentieth century. Is it really the same great game? Beside the undoubted continuities of great power diplomacy, the familiar quadrilles and minuets of competition and deceit, are there not fundamentally new elements—modern communication, industrial society, mass politics, ideological terror—that change the nature of the game more than Kissinger allows?

For *Diplomacy* is very old-fashioned diplomatic history. Like the older generation of diplomatic historians who figure in his footnotes—A. J. P. Taylor, R. W. Seton-Watson, Charles Webster—and like the young Kissinger of *A World Restored,* the author of *Diplomacy* is almost entirely interested in the high politics of states, as made by individual statesmen. Kissinger's true subject is what used to be called *die grosse Politik.* Domestic and structural causes, economic, demographic, social, cultural, even political factors, play virtually no part in his analysis, which is devoted to different versions of statecraft.

About statecraft Kissinger develops a clear, and familiar, view. His key concepts are raison d'état, *Realpolitik* and balance of power. All three terms are invoked frequently. (Simon Schama recently pointed out that Richelieu only mentioned raison d'état twice in his "Political Testament"; but in a few pages on Richelieu Kissinger mentions it eighteen times.) Kissinger uses the three terms almost interchangeably to denote an approach to foreign policy determined by the cool calculation of national interest rather than by the pursuit of universal principles, the attachment to traditional "friendships," or the emotional response to developments abroad. And from Kissinger's pen, all three are usually terms of praise, or, at the very least, terms of grudging respect—even when applied to Stalin or Ho Chi Minh. In what is becoming one of the most quoted sentences in the book, Kissinger observes that "Stalin was indeed a monster; but in the conduct of international relations he was the supreme realist—patient, shrewd and implacable, the Richelieu of his period."

There it is: "realist." Although Kissinger does not make it explicitly, this book is a grand case for Realism, both in the sense in which that term is generally used in the literature of "I.R.," or the academic study of international relations—that is, to denote a view of what states actually do—and as a view of what states and statesmen should do. To adapt Churchill's famous remark about democracy, Kissinger thinks that cautious and responsible *Realpolitik* is the worst possible way to conduct relations between states, apart from all the other ways that have been tried from time to time.

Articulating a classic conservative approach to international relations, Kissinger believes that bloody disorder is the natural condition of humankind, and that the achievement of a minimal international order between states—irrespective of the degree of freedom or justice inside those states—is the first task of statecraft. At the same time Kissinger is clearly concerned to make his peace with America: with America in general, with Harvard—and with the largely liberal academic community from which he emerged in particular. Again and again Kissinger goes out of his way to stress his respect for the liberal universalist tradition that he describes as Wilsonianism—although, as he acknowledges in passing, much of it was already there in Gladstonianism.

He does not fail to repeat his familiar criticism of the illusions of American exceptionalism, in its isolationist or missionary variant. He observes, with wry satisfaction, that in its own hemisphere the United States has been no stranger to old-fashioned, European-style power politics. Still, he is at pains—and pains would seem to be the right word—to stress that America's idealistic attachment to liberal values, regarded as universal while being identified with one country, has also contributed to real foreign policy successes. This is particularly true of his analysis of the end of the cold war. He pays slightly bemused tribute to the missionary idealism of Ronald Reagan, which he describes as naïve, mistaken and ... successful. He also acknowledges the contribution of the human rights principles of the Helsinki Final Act (though it is not quite accurate to ascribe these to the so-called Basket III, which mainly enumerated provisions for human *contacts,* whereas the human *rights* that really interested East European oppositions were enumerated in the preamble to the Final Act). And he does this, unusually for this book, by quoting himself as "I," from a speech that he delivered shortly after the signature of the Final Act:

> At Helsinki, for the first time in the postwar period, human rights and fundamental freedoms became recognized subjects of East-West discourse and negotiation. The conference put forward *our* standards of human conduct, which have been—and still are—a beacon of hope to millions.

Fine stuff, but was this really Kissinger? Doesn't this sound, in fact, precisely like the kind of missionary exceptionalism—America as beacon and crusader—of which he has been so critical? In other places in the book he quotes "Nixon" or "the Nixon administration" when the voice is authentic Kissinger; here he quotes Kissinger, but his voice seems rather like that of one of those American diplomats who really did believe in the power of the human rights provisions that they helped negotiate into the Final Act. As a historian, however, Kissinger can see that human rights activism in Eastern Europe—partly legitimated by the Helsinki process—made an important contribution to the end of the cold war.

It is here that a serious critique of his argument, and of Realism in foreign policy, must begin. Such a critique is based not on any value judgment about how the world should be, but on an analysis of how the world really is, of what really happened and why. The crucial question is not, how moral is the realist? The crucial question is, how realistic is the realist?

Victory in the cold war, argues Kissinger, came about "as a result of forty years of American bipartisan effort and seventy years of Communist ossification." The bipartisan effort, he says, involved variations of one basic strategy: containment. The ossification resulted in a shift in what Marxists call the "correlation of forces." And elsewhere Kissinger writes: "In the end, communism collapsed partly as a result of its own sclerosis, partly because of the pressures from a reinvigorated West." This is all true enough, as far as it goes. But it does not go very far. The terms "ossification" and "sclerosis" are curiously imprecise. And what "forces" were they exactly, the correlation of which changed? Military forces? To be sure, Soviet policymakers were convinced by the SDI program that they could not out-arm America. To be sure, they were frightened off further adventures in the Third World. But it is hard to argue that the purely military balance, the balance of hard power, had shifted decisively against the Soviet Union.

What did happen was that a small group of men came to power in Moscow convinced that the Soviet Union was losing the economic, social and therefore political competition with the West. Whereas in the 1930s, 1940s and even into the 1950s there was, in Europe at least, a powerful attraction exerted from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East to West by the economic and social model of "real socialism," by the 1980s the magnetic pull was overwhelmingly in the other direction, from West to East. Now it was reformed capitalism, particularly in the West European variant of the "social market economy," which looked like the wave of the future. Détente, and particularly some aspects of the "Helsinki process," enabled the magnet to exert an irresistible pull.

The last two decades of the cold war were also decades of what Pierre Hassner has called "hot peace." They were still about containment; but they were just as much about the interaction of societies, about intellectual and cultural attraction, about human contacts, about broadcasting and, yes, about the offensive advocacy of human rights. If it ended with a "victory for the West," then it was as much a victory for what has been called the "soft power" of the West: not only its superior economic performance, but also the way in which the wealth created was then deployed, the overall attractiveness of a certain kind of society and way of life.

These internal economic, social and political dimensions are largely lacking in Kissinger's analysis. He holds firmly to the old-fashioned historiography of the *Primat der Aussenpolitik*, the primacy of foreign policy, whereas the end of the cold war was at least as much a story of the *Primat der Innenpolitik*, the primacy of domestic policy. As war between the nuclear superpowers was virtually excluded, and as communication of every kind increased, what happened *inside* the two countries and the two "blocs," the "West" and the "East," became ever more important. It was the domestic political imperatives that stood at the beginning of Gorbachev's "new thinking" in foreign policy. For the United States to open diplomatic relations with China—perhaps Kissinger's greatest diplomatic coup—was an important move on the chessboard, adding usefully to the external pressures on the Soviet Union; but it was the china (and the videos and even some of the books) in our shop windows that did more to win the cold war.

The argument goes further. To preach democracy and human rights to countries ruled by dictatorships is not cant but Kant. Kant's dictum that republics do not go to war against each other may be untenable in its pure form, but it is certainly the case that contemporary liberal democracies are not engaged in armed conflict with each other, and that they have developed qualitatively new forms of international cooperation. Kissinger vividly reminds us of the elements of old-fashioned *Realpolitik* present even in our multilateral, acronymic, postmodern Western Europe. (He has a marvelous anecdote about de Gaulle responding to his question about how German power would be contained in the European Community with three words: "*par la guerre.*") Still, NATO and the E.U. are not merely the latest version of an alliance, entente or *Dreikaiserbund.*

If there is now a chance for lasting peace in Central Europe, the seedbed of European wars, then it lies as much in the establishment of stable liberal democracies in the region as in any external arrangements; though the latter can, of course, help or hinder the former. The slim chance that Russia will become, for the first time in its history, a modern, unbelligerent nation-state, rather than a new version of empire, depends on its internal development more than on any external factors. Kissinger will quite rightly observe that we in the West cannot determine those domestic outcomes; but we can influence them. And even if we could not influence them, the proper analytical framework would retain its importance. One lesson of the cold war is that you cannot separate the external, international (or, more precisely, interstate) order from the internal order of the states involved, stability from justice, peace from freedom.

And so to China, five years after the massacre in Tiananmen Square. Kissinger himself pursued diplomatic rapprochement with Mao, at a time when the Chinese leader's policies had been directly responsible for millions of deaths. (In this book he characterizes Mao as "occasionally murderous," a breathtaking understatement.) Unsurprisingly, he now advocates a new diplomatic rapprochement with China, although he acknowledges that "the United States cannot abandon its traditional concern with human rights and democratic values." (O.K., Harvard?) "The Clinton administration," he writes, "wisely restored high-level contacts; the future of Sino-American relations henceforth depends essentially on the substance of these exchanges."

At one level this is obviously true, almost tautological. (The future of Sino-American relations depends on the future of Sino-American relations.) But at a deeper level it reveals Kissinger's basic, old-fashioned assumption that relations between states depend essentially on the thoughts and the deeds of the wise old men who lead them. He might have made a very similar statement about Soviet-American relations at the beginning of the 1970s. The personalities and the policies of the men at the top did matter greatly, of course; but the future of Soviet-American relations was determined by much deeper forces of domestic politics, and the economic, social and psychological competition of the "hot peace."

Similarly, the future of Sino-American relations in the coming decades depends essentially on what happens inside China, and that depends on the far from simple relationship between economic and political liberalization and the encounter of Chinese society with modernity in its Western and Far Eastern variants. The direct impact of all our statecraft on these great historic processes will be small. The indirect impact of the development of our societies and the way we project their achievements and their values will be large. To place so much emphasis on high-level contacts may actually sacrifice deeper long-term interests for highly visible short-term gains—which is precisely the fallacy that Kissinger attributes (often with good reason) to our increasingly television-led democracies.

The criticism of Realism, in sum, is not—or should not be—simply a moral one. The issue is the realism of Realism. Kissinger argues in his concluding chapter that "American idealism needs the leaven of geopolitical analysis." He welcomes "a confluence of moral and geopolitical aims, of Wilsonianism and *Realpolitik*" (this with reference to American policy in the Western hemisphere). Whether such statements will actually make his peace with America may be doubted. The more fundamental point, however, is that the dichotomy between "idealism" and "analysis" is not sustainable. In its best versions, liberal idealism is rooted in a long-term geopolitical analysis, one that takes account of the new dimensions of international relations added in the twentieth century by mass democracy and mass communications to the old elements of the great game that Kissinger describes so well.

The twentieth century, of course, furnishes many instances of naïve and starry-eyed idealism in foreign policy. Yet the last two decades of the cold war also offer instances of an idealism that turned out to be more realistic than self-styled Realism. So American policymakers will need to learn the right lessons from the twentieth century, as well as from the nineteenth, if they are to have any chance of success in the twenty-first.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH is a fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford University, and the author most recently of *In Europe's Name: Germany and the Divided Continent* (Random House).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Necropolis News

BY ANDREW DELBANCO

The Waterworks by E.L. Doctorow

(Random House, 253 pp., $23)

Jack London, Hemingway, and the Constitution: Selected Essays, 1977-1992 by E.L. Doctorow

(Random House, 206 pp., $20)

Everybody's favorite stage set this year has been old New York. It first turned up in Martin Scorcese's movie of *The Age of Innocence*, which made viewers feel as if they were inside a meticulously accurate diorama of Edith Wharton's fashionable Manhattan in the 1870s. Then Caleb Carr enlarged the set for his murder mystery of the 1890s, *The Alienist*, to include the wharves and the dark alleys where Wharton's grandees would never venture. Now E.L. Doctorow has returned to the immediate post-Civil War period for his own New York tale.

If the setting of *The Waterworks* is similar, Doctorow's way of representing it is entirely different. This is a writer who—ever since the first chapter of his first book, *Welcome to Hard Times* (1960), in which we meet a character known simply as "the Bad Man"—has been committed less to realism than to a kind of allegorical romance. Descended from the line of American fabulists that runs from Hawthorne to Malamud, Doctorow has always disavowed what Hawthorne (referring to the conventional fiction of his day) dismissed as "minute fidelity ... to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience," in favor of a more imaginative "latitude ... to mingle the Marvellous" with the real.

Late in *The Waterworks*, Doctorow sums up the dream effect he is after:

> There are moments of our life that are something like breaks or tears in moral consciousness, as caesuras break the chanted line, and the eye sees through the breach to a companion life, a life in all its aspects the same, running along parallel in time, but within a universe even more confounding than our own. It is this other disordered existence ... that our ministers warn us against ... that our dreams perceive.

To catch this "disordered existence" in fiction, the logic of the work must be more associative than sequential. Accordingly, the speech of the narrator is continually interrupted by ellipses that give his sentences a fractured quality and seem to represent a habitual pause—a hesitancy to deliver consecutive thoughts. "There is a difference," he remarks, "between living in some kind of day-to-day crawl through chaos, where there is no hierarchy to your thoughts, but a raucous equality of them, and knowing in advance the whole conclusive order ... which makes narration ... suspect." Yet, at the same time, a fiction that takes seriously this suspicion must commit itself to achieving something like the fluent exfoliation of images that one expects from poetry.

In the case of Doctorow's new novel, the images are those of a city closer to one of Red Grooms's cartoonish ensembles than to any actual New York. Doctorow calls this city a "necropolis." Its "paving stones pound ... with horse-droppings," while carrion birds swoop in between the carts and carriages, "picking out their meals" from the dung. Wooden remnants of the antebellum town are being literally burned away ("we had fire all the time, we burned as a matter of habit") and replaced by the city of iron and stone that survives today in patches of cast-iron buildings, mainly below Houston Street. This New York was already the "huge jagged city" that Henry James would describe at the turn of the century as "... looking at the sky in the manner of some colossal haircomb turned upward and so deprived of half its teeth that the others, at their uneven intervals, count doubly as sharp spikes."

This is the gothic setting for a story that, briefly told, sounds outlandish. It begins with a tycoon named Augustus Pemberton, who grew rich during the War of Secession by abetting death itself—by "supplying the Army of the North with boots that fell apart, blankets that dissolved in rain, tents that tore at the grommets and uniform cloth that bled dye." Under sentence of death from pernicious anemia, he tells his family that he is going to an Adirondack spa to seek a cure. There he—apparently—dies. With due Episcopal ceremony, he is seemingly buried. But his estranged son, a free-lance journalist—one "of that postwar generation for whom the materials of the war were ironic objects of art or fashion," who "walk[s] down Broadway with his Union greatcoat open, flowing behind him like a cape"—thinks he sees his father alive.

The startled young man, Martin Pemberton, is one of those whom Whitman had in mind when he wrote, in 1870, that "the aim of all the *littérateurs* is to find something to make fun of." A believer turned ironist, he produces caustic book reviews and half-fawning, half-mocking articles for the society page in which he enumerates the carats in the ladies' diamonds. Now, suddenly, he becomes the credulous object of scorn, surrounded by doubters. One stormy morning, while on his way up Broadway to deliver a review, he encounters a city omnibus carrying a group of pale old men who sit eerily still, oblivious to the lurches of the carriage and the bursts of lightning and the pedestrian shouts and traffic gongs. Peering in the carriage windows at its ghostly passengers, he sees that one of them has "the familiar hunch of his father's shoulders ... and the wizened Augustan neck with its familiar wen, the smooth white egglike structure that from Martin's infancy had always alarmed him."

Most people dismiss Martin's report as fantasy or hoax, though a few take him seriously and even grope toward an explanatory idea of the Oedipal unconscious (everyone knows he loathed his father) to account for his delusion. When Martin himself disappears, his soft-boiled editor, McIlvaine—whose "newsman's cilia [are] up and waving" at the smell of a good story—joins the chase to find out what, if anything, his young free-lance has really seen.

After some further twists and turns the road of detection leads to a Mephistophelian character named Doctor Sartorius, who is a cross between one of Hawthorne's mad scientists and one of Poe's reclusive aesthetes. Ahead of Pasteur and Koch, he has intuited the germ basis of disease. He has transfused blood and is preparing to perform organ transplants. We discover him deep within the massive stone structure of the water-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You Too Smart to Dismiss Old Screwtape?

Mark Twain said he didn't believe in Hell but was afraid he'd go there. Isn't that a problem with atheism and all those godless "isms" – Freudianism, hedonism, Marxism, etc. – that have fascinated apparently intelligent people? You just can't be sure there isn't a God, a Judgment, a Devil, and a Hell.

But isn't all that Heaven-and-Hell stuff a crutch for wimps and neurotics, an insult to one's intelligence?

Actually, there's a revival of interest in religion going on among the intelligentsia. And why not? Intellectuals have bought into every panacea and quack remedy to come down the pike, and are running out of substitutes for the Real Thing. Ostensibly bright people have pooh-poohed Hell, liberated themselves from morality, turned themselves into pooh-bahs, and created a Hell on earth for everyone else. Perhaps it's true that the Devil's cleverest wile is to convince us he doesn't exist.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the Ultimate Questions. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Barth, Niebuhr, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Waugh, Chesterton, Hopkins, Dawson, Silone, Maritain, Mauriac, Bernanos, Solzhenitsyn, Muggeridge, Schumacher, von Balthasar, de Lubac, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, Archbishop Romero, and Pope John Paul II. Not to mention Dante and C.S. Lewis.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by *Newsweek* as "cheeky" (it takes cheek to mention Hell!), by *National Review* as "first-rate," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," by the eminent evangelical theologian Carl F.H. Henry as "exceedingly well done," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist and a pupil and long-time friend of C.S. Lewis, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Walker Percy, Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Thomas Molnar, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, L. Brent Bozell, Robert Coles, John Lukacs, Richard Mouw, Avery Dulles, Sheldon Vanauken, Peter Kreeft, and John Warwick Montgomery. We cover a wide range of issues, including the quest for a more just and humane world, but refuse to subordinate the faith to political ideology.

Whether or not you're Catholic, if you're too smart to dismiss old Screwtape and the Lowerarchy, give us a try!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year non-U.S. subscription . . . . . US$24 (regularly $29) Payment must be drawn in U.S. Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 61
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Figurehead

Wondering whether the position you had just taken
On some important question had actually been the best one with which to put
It into the right-field seats, or even been something more than a pose
Which betrayed the cracks in the armature holding it up,
You come to the end of the crowded, noisy produce market,
Huddled under its shadowing arcades, and turn
Onto the wide street of the docks, suddenly emptied
Of darkness and of the peculiar vacancy of the busy—

And there, there the masts!
Pointing upward into an air now open for availability
Half-concealed in the balance of their rigging,
With ultimate bowsprits doing their ghostly business of unwitting
Assertion, while purporting only to stay, saying
Here, here, forward, forward, this is where we are headed
Whether for good or ill,
The while the mastheads, hardly tokens of steadfastness
When it comes to remaining upright, spar-crossed with yards that in turn
Do crazy turns in re the horizon, all thrill with contingency.

But only as you move in closely to this hull or that
One, beginning to decipher the forms of what you had remembered
Schematically, do the carved wooden personages rise into view.
And you pause at her, let us say, newly painted and pointed
Up and away in the quiet noontide sunlight,
Like an afterthought then put forward, or as if a leading idea,
A name or a kind of flag, had then formed a ship in its image,
Or else at another time when moonlight refigures her features
When she seems to be something the ship she leaps out of has dreamt.

Does she embody a what, or merely a who?
The horse's head of a Phoenician vessel, the Dutch or English lion, a Spanish
Member of the *familia sagrada*, Neptune himself—as if the life
Of the frail bark he leaps forth from were merely on loan from him,
Or perhaps a nautonymous weeping *Niobe*, or an image of the stolid *Hope*,
Wife of the owner and master, and thus *who* and *what* at once?
Whatever . . . Thrusting out over the water of whatever is to come,
She says:

"Since I am all up front and there is nothing ulterior
About my position, I maintain a high view; not forward, but
Over and through and ever moving
Toward the beyond; I do not have
To scorn the trivial elevation above me of the servile bowsprit
Or ignore the dolphin-striker's silly verticality
Nor, indeed, accept your misconstruction of me as
A legless logo, a figure truncate and wordless
And narrowly emblematic—that being far from my true point, which is this:
That when I am no longer above it all, then the state of the ship
Is in trouble, like a nation in deep water, or a bridge engulfed
By what it had been intended to overleap, or the leaf
Of a single life fallen to final ground.

And when I have truly descended,
Not to return, unperturbed, from even the terrible wave,
Shedding all evidence of its devouring rage,
However I may have been in a false position, however
I may have been deceived about the force of prominence,
There are no stems nor sterns
In the sublime inversions of depth from which I and my timbers
—Mine, even if I am only theirs—shall never fall to floating
And treacherous surfaces again."

JOHN HOLLANDER

works at a suburban reservoir, where, in a sort of futuristic bunker, he tests untried technologies on patients (including Augustus Pemberton) so rich and desperate that they are willing to try anything, pay anything, to forestall death. The medicines that Sartorius administers are derived from fluids extracted from children. "Shrunken, unnaturally darkened and sunk in on themselves, like vegetable husks," these old men have literally become vampires, feeding on the blood of the young.

No symbolic fiction can be fairly described by summarizing its plot (*Moby Dick*, in paraphrase, becomes a ridiculous story about a ship captain chasing the whale that ate his leg); and so it is difficult to convey the "sulphurous" atmosphere of Doctorow's book. The seed of his strange fable had been growing in his mind since he published a short story in *Lives of the Poets* in 1984, in which two men find a toy boat capsized in a reservoir, and discover the body of a drowned child in the adjacent waterworks. Now, in the novel that emerged from this image ten years later, the figure of the lost child is kaleidoscopically multiplied into clusters of "undersized beings on whose faces were etched the lines and shadows of serfdom." One of them turns up in what is supposed to be Augustus Pemberton's coffin (which Martin, in a half-parodic graveyard scene, digs up and pries open in the dark of night), laid out within on a "padded white silk couch," its "tiny leathered face with its eyes closed and lips pursed." These doomed children function in the novel as symbols of the age when, for the first time, American civilization began to produce more human refuse than it could dispose of or hide away:

> Vagrant children slept in the alleys. Rag-picking was a profession.... Out on the edges of town, along the North River or in Washington Heights or on the East River islands, behind stone walls and high hedges, were our institutions of charity, our orphanages, insane asylums, poorhouses, schools for the deaf and dumb and mission homes for magdalens. They made a sort of Ringstrasse for our venerable civilization.

As for those who stay within the ring, they scratch out a living as messengers, peddlers, shopsweepers, hawkers, newsboys and involuntary whores:

> More than one brothel specialized in them. They often turned up in hospital wards and church hospices so stunned by the abuses to which they'd been subjected that they couldn't speak sensibly but could only cower in their rags and gaze upon the kindest nurses or ministrants of charity with abject fear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In imagining this world of brutalized children, Doctorow wants to drive home—sometimes relentlessly—its affinity with our own age. A purposeful war has just ended ("I am a man," says McIlvaine, who narrates the story in the first-person voice, "who will never be able to think of anyone but Abe Lincoln as president"), and has given way to "a conspicuously self-satisfied class of new wealth and weak intellect ... all aglitter in a setting of mass misery."

The men who have taken over this postwar America have, like the arbitrageurs of a century later, no "loyalty ... to any one business, but to the art of buying and selling them." Pallid and glazed-eyed, the old men whose dying is retarded by Dr. Sartorius have a zombie inertness that seems the final stage in the natural course of their lives—lives that have been spent in a moral obtuseness that, when they were young, might have taken the form of insouciance or arrogance or blinding greed. The parasitism of their dying is not fundamentally different from how they lived: as bloodsuckers indifferent to the human cost of their getting and spending. Augustus Pemberton, for example, is rumored to have been financially involved, even during the war, in the slave trade.

That Doctorow conceived this fantastic novel as a sort of moral prehistory of our own age becomes clear when one dips into the essays that he collected under the centerless title *Jack London, Hemingway and the Constitution*, while *The Waterworks* was taking form. In the introduction to this rather haphazard collection, he likens the impact of Reaganism on American society—deregulation, the politicization of the courts and the distribution of "the enormous costs of the cold war democratically among all classes of society except the wealthiest"—to "the effect ... [of] a vampire's arterial suck." Another essay, a meditation on nineteenth-century New York written for *Architectural Digest* in 1992, contains blocks of descriptive writing that are reiterated, verbatim, in McIlvaine's voice.

Doctorow's implicit subject in these pieces seems to be the end of our "fifty-year nuclear alert" and its replacement by a restless waiting for some yet-to-be-defined menace that might revive a sense of common purpose. We live, he believes, in a "stillness between tides, neither going out nor coming in," bewildered to the point of paralysis about how to deal, for instance, with the thousands of people in our midst "sleeping in doorways, begging with Styrofoam cups." One suspects that he also had in mind for *The Waterworks* the increasingly evident possibility that—for those able to pay—medical technology may someday sustain almost indefinitely a grotesque simulacrum of life.

Many of Doctorow's points border on cant. He is not an essayist. The most arresting piece in this collection is the least discursive. It is the one that was not commissioned—a brief rumination called "Standards," about the "self-referential power" of songs. A charming imaginative frolic, it moves among associated topics that include the origins of lullabies in mothers' crooning, the mixture of irony and militancy in wartime songs like "Goober Peas," the "compensatory" function of ballads about lost love. But when, in the other essays, he turns away from the associative mode and becomes resolutely expository in the service of an argument, he tends to sound callow and even pontifical. Here is a piece written before the 1992 election out of disgust at George Bush and with high hopes for Bill Clinton:

> The true president would have the strength to widen the range of current political discourse, and would love and revere language as the best means we have to close on reality. That implies a sensibility attuned to the immense moral consequence of every human life. Perhaps even a sense of tragedy that would not let him sleep the night through.

Weakened by this mixture of outrage and sentimentality, the essays are more an expression of an offended sensibility than a serious effort at political analysis or understanding. They have a thin, sloganeering quality—and, finally, a columnist's transience. But when, in *The Waterworks*, the same sentiments are realized as images and put to use within the context of a story of loss and rescue, they work to greater effect. "I have dreamt sometimes," says McIlvaine,

> ... that if it were possible to lift this littered, paved Manhattan from the earth ... and all its torn and dripping pipes and conduits and tunnels and tracks and cables—all of it, like a scab from new skin underneath—how seedlings would sprout, and freshets bubble up, and brush and grasses would grow over the rolling hills.... A season or two of this and the mute, protesting culture buried for so many industrial years under the tenements and factories ... would rise again ... of the lean, religious Indians of the bounteous earth.... Such love I have for those savage polytheists of my mind ... such envy for the inadequate stories they told each other, their taxonomies, cosmologies ... their lovely dreams of the world they stood on and who was holding it up....

In earlier works, like *Loon Lake* (1980) and *World's Fair* (1985), Doctorow indulged in this kind of reverie at the

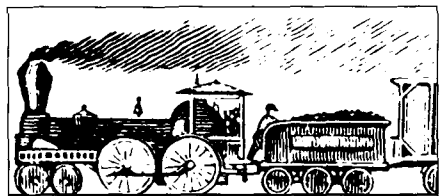
Coordinator of Ecclesial Planning and Research

Seeking individual to coordinate newly developed planning process and manage research function.

Prefer MA in Theology or Business Administration. Candidate must have excellent verbal/written communication skills and strong organizational abilities. Please respond by resume with desired salary range to:

ARCHDIOCESE OF DENVER
Attn: Human Resources Dept.
200 Josephine Street
Denver, CO 80206
EOE M/F/D/V

HATE TO SHAVE?
Try ABOUT-FACE™ shave cream. It's guaranteed to end your razor irritation. The smoothness will astound you.
(Aloe, 7 moisturizers, 5 emollients, 20,000 iu vitamin E.)
Available: Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 301 Park Avenue, NY
Tel. Order: 212-533-2700 (NYC), or 1-800-793-5433



MOVING?
Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC.**
Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.
Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name
Address
City State Zip

New Address

Name
Address
City State Zip

Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 602
Mt. Morris, IL 61054
Allow 4-6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expense of narrative momentum. But in *The Waterworks*, he has pulled off the difficult literary trick of combining the grit and pith of a precisely located fiction with the reach of a moral exemplum independent of time and place. When, in the essays, Doctorow asks us to "pray for the dead and for the maligned and destitute," it feels as if we are being dunned for the annual charitable appeal. But when, in *The Waterworks*, he concentrates his pity and horror into images rather than arguments, the result is a persuasive portrait of an era akin to our own, when Americans found themselves living in cities of unprecedented scale, in which, for the first time, human beings had become indistinguishable from litter.

ANDREW DELBANCO teaches at Columbia University, and is a fellow of the New York Institute for the Humanities.

The Man Who Wouldn't Be King

BY RICHARD PIPES

The Struggle for Russia *by Boris Yeltsin* translated by Catherine A. Fitzpatrick

(Times Books, 336 pp., $25)

It happened three years ago, in May 1991. Elena Bonner, the widow of Andrei Sakharov, convened an international meeting in Moscow to honor the memory of her recently deceased husband. The high point was a concert at the Moscow Conservatory. It was an intoxicating moment for those who were fortunate to attend: a victory celebration by the open grave of the Communist regime that was unmistakably breathing its last. We met in the corridors—Iurii Orlov, Ludmila Alekseeva, Father Iakunin, many others from Russia and the West—to embrace, and to record the happy occasion.

In the concert hall there were performances by Rostropovich and Spivakovskii. Then there were speeches. A physicist from Stanford uttered the usual pious platitudes that American scientists felt compelled to pronounce whenever the subject of U.S.-Soviet relations came up. But the remarks that stick in memory were those of Bonner and Orlov. They spoke scathingly of Russia's course under perestroika, criticizing Gorbachev's government for clinging to old ways and failing to move boldly toward democracy. Their words were especially unforgettable since Gorbachev and Yeltsin were present in the hall.

They sat in loges, opposite each other, partly concealed from the audience by curtains. Listening to the speeches, it occurred to me that I was witnessing an event without precedent in Russian history: the first time that a Russian head of state exposed himself to public criticism. I watched Gorbachev closely, half expecting him to get up at any moment and leave. But he endured the punishment, sitting stiffly and displaying no emotion. As for Yeltsin, during the intermission, spotting him alone, I walked up to him and without introducing myself, said, "You know, if you win the presidential election next month, you will be the first head of state in the entire history of Russia to be chosen by a popular vote." He stared at me and said: "If I am elected, that is." "Indeed," I added, "because Kerensky was never elected; and neither, of course, were any of the Communist leaders." We parted as he descended the stairs. The next day I ran into a friend who told me Yeltsin had boasted to him that morning that if he is elected, he will be the first head of state in Russian history to be chosen by the people.

For the past three years, one has had the uncanny feeling that, the powerful countercurrents notwithstanding, everything taking place in Russia has been new and unprecedented: the spectacle of the head of state exposing himself to open criticism, for example, and the elevation of his successor by popular vote were only two manifestations of a sea change in that country's life. Now comes another first: a highly personalized book of memoirs in which Russia's chief executive describes not only his political struggles, but also his intimate thoughts and feelings. (Well, more of a first: Yeltsin's previous autobiography, *Against the Grain*, which appeared in the West in 1990, dealt with his early life, before his election to the presidency.)

Muscovite tsars resembled Byzantine manikins, shielded from public scrutiny by elaborate ceremony. Peter the Great is the earliest Russian ruler with a distinct personality, but what we know of him comes mainly from descriptions of contemporaries. Catherine the Great was the only occupant of the tsarist throne to leave memoirs; these, however, deal with her life before she ascended to the throne. No tsar followed her example. The diaries of Nicholas II provide more information about the weather than about his reactions to the revolutionary events of his reign. Kerensky published no fewer than three volumes of memoirs, but they were intended as apologias for his political defeat rather than as personal documents.

Yeltsin reveals his innermost self to an extent remarkable for a head of state, not only in Russia but in some respects even in the West. The book is made up of notes dictated into a cassette recorder during and between the coups of August 1991 and October 1993, and reflections on all sorts of subjects, headed "After Midnight." (Russia's president, he informs us in the opening sentence of his book, suffers from chronic insomnia.) It is, in many ways, an exasperating book to read. Events and thoughts tumble in utter disorder. Individuals appear for an instant and then vanish. Sometimes it is difficult to make out who is doing what to whom and when. Writing in the heat of battle, Yeltsin had no time to elaborate. Nor is the haste with which the book was evidently rushed into print helpful; there are more than the usual number of typos and no index.

Despite these shortcomings, and in some measure because of them, this is a moving, intensely human book, and it is signally devoid of the ghostwriter's polished but deadening touch. It discloses that behind Yeltsin's expressionless face, usually grim and pugnacious, with its small, Finno-Ugric and ever suspicious eyes, lurks a sensitive human being: a reflective mind and a thin-skinned, very private person who seems to despise politics even as he finds himself inexorably drawn to it. A feisty personality, he is combative by nature but wants to fight as a member of a team: since teamwork is next to impossible to attain in Russia, where compromise is scorned as opportunism, he is forced, more often than not, to fight alone. Despite his previous volume of memoirs, it remains something of a mystery how this successful product of the Communist system, once a high-ranking member of the *nomenklatura*, has been able to break with his past. So strong was its hold that he admits that for all his loathing of communism, he is still "painfully ridding" himself of "Party complexes."

The humanization of the Russian chief executive is a matter of some conse-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quence. It divests that powerful post of the mystic aura of omniscience and omnipotence that in the past has given Russia's rulers license to commit the most heinous crimes. Yeltsin remarks, more than once and with envy, on the political manners that prevail in the West, where politicians behave as ordinary human beings rather than as demigods. He notes, about the American election of 1992, that the winner, Clinton, and the loser, Bush, for all the bitterness of their rivalry, offered to help each other. In Russia, he writes, "they would have remained mortal enemies for the rest of their lives." He recounts with amazement an incident that he witnessed at Camp David in the presence of President Bush and his Cabinet officers, when Dick Cheney casually asked James Baker:

> "Jimmy, pour me a juice, will you please?" "Jimmy" poured some juice for himself and Mr. Cheney, in an absolutely relaxed and natural way, without any affectation or airs. If the meeting had been in Russia, we would have definitely had a young man in a tuxedo and bow tie serving, the bosses would have been sitting formally in their seats and the server would have bowed and brought them juice on a tray.

It speaks volumes that so banal an episode could impress the president of Eurasia's largest nation.

Yeltsin articulates no political philosophy. But he has a vision, which is to transform Russia into a "normal," Western country. Remarks interspersed throughout the book indicate that he wants to rid Russia of a political culture that antedates communism, with roots deep in the country's history: to bridge the gulf separating government from people, to transform officials into citizens and the citizens into self-reliant individuals, economically and psychologically weaned from dependence on the state.

Yeltsin hates politics as currently practiced in Russia, with its bickering, treachery and unrestrained lust for power. He admits to frequent feelings of depression, and to a desire to escape the nerve-racking political confrontations with which he has to contend. He finds comfort mainly in the company of his family and in sports, especially tennis.

> The debilitating bouts of depression, the grave second thoughts, the insomnia and headaches in the middle of the night, the tears and despair, the sadness at the appearance of Moscow and other Russian cities, the flood of criticism from the newspapers and television every day, the harassment campaigns at the congress sessions, the entire burden of the decisions made, the hurt from people close to me who did not support me at the last minute, who didn't hold up, who deceived me—I have had to bear all this.

What drives him? The answer one gathers from reading his book is that he is by nature a combative man who cannot bear being pushed around and who fights to win. He recalls the many accidents in which he has been involved and takes pride in having survived them all. He is at his best when forced to fight back. "Am I a strong or a weak person?" he muses, and answers, "In emergency situations, I'm strong. In ordinary situations, I'm sometimes too passive." This self-assessment is true, of course, and explains why he so often fails to reap the rewards of hard-won victories.

There are vivid descriptions of the putsch in August 1991, an event that he declares to mark the end of the twentieth century: a century of fear, during the course of which humankind was subjected to unprecedented nightmares. He attributes the collapse of the putsch mainly to the absence of strong leadership in the camp of the die-hard Communists and their failure to take into account modern means of communications and information. He renders due to the support given the Russian White House by what he calls *tout le Moscou*, mostly intellectuals and artists, but notes, more in resignation than anger, that ordinary Moscow citizens, on seeing tanks in the streets, immediately rushed to the stores to stock up on goods and then passively waited to see what would happen. In his description of the fateful two years (1991-93), the "people" appear as inert matter, like sea water sloshing in a leaky, storm-tossed boat, capable of sinking it but not altering its course, while politicians fight for control of the ship's helm. In remarks that have a familiar ring to the historian of the Russian Revolution, he expresses dismay that at a critical moment of struggle for the future of Russia on October 3-4, 1993, the Russian army, 2½ million strong, could not produce even 1,000 men able and willing to defend the democratically elected president. Yeltsin half-justifies the army's reluctance to come to his aid by adducing a tradition that requires the Russian military to stay clear of partisan politics.

But of the unwillingness of the people to stand up, he has this to say:

> As I see it, there exists a very peculiar attitude toward power in Russia. The government has always been perceived as the incarnation of some kind of incredibly all-pervasive force, so terrifying and invincible that even the thought of attempting an overthrow, a coup, a rebellion, seems quite absurd.

This awe of authority has induced in Russians a sense of futility and has made them passive observers of power struggles among minuscule minorities. In this respect, not much seems to have changed since the days of tsarism.

Yeltsin is bitter about the intelligentsia. They are capable of self-sacrifice, he grants, but they do not want to work or to assume responsibility. Politicians from its ranks impress him as unusually vain and all too quickly seduced by the heady joys of power. Two one-time law professors, Ruslan Khasbulatov and Valery Zorkin, who in August 1991 had rendered him invaluable support, in October 1993 turned into archenemies. "What happened to these people?" he wonders, "Where did their insane drive for power come from?"

He has two favorites. Yegor Gaidar, the author of his reform program, whom he admires but thinks too academic to be an effective leader. And, first and foremost, Viktor Chernomyrdin, the current prime minister, whom he praises as a level-headed, pragmatic politician of the kind that Russia desperately needs. Public opinion polls confirm this assessment, indicating that Chernomyrdin is seen as the country's most influential politician, edging out even Yeltsin in popularity. If one is to take Yeltsin at his word, the prospect of relinquishing office to someone like his prime minister does not trouble him in the least. He himself is expendable and considers it all to the good that Russia's president be viewed as an ordinary citizen "and not some kind of exceptional being sitting somewhere on high, intimidating and inaccessible."

Despite the anger and the despair that pervade much of Yeltsin's narrative, the underlying tone of the book is rather hopeful. Yeltsin believes that a new generation is emerging in Russia, one animated by the spirit of the "*muzhik*, the sturdy Russian peasant, who does not expect anyone to help him and doesn't rely on anyone." Even more significantly, for the first time ever in Russia, there is no insurmountable wall between the rulers and the ruled. The Russian people, he writes in conclusion,

> can now imagine anyone in my place. The seemingly endless gulf between society and the government in Russia has now been bridged. It is obvious that the framework of "us" and "them" in which the Russian person has always existed is fundamentally gone.

It is faith in this fundamental break in the psychology of the Russian people, a faith to which he clings despite the many disappointments, combined with an instinctive aversion to being beaten in any contest, whether with fate or sports competitors or rival politicians, that gives this extraordinary man the strength to wage a struggle for which he is, in many respects, temperamentally ill-suited.

RICHARD PIPES is Baird Professor of history at Harvard University and the author most recently of *Russia Under the Bolshevik Regime* (Knopf).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JERICHO DIARIST

Waiting

I AM THE FIRST PERSON ON MY block to visit Palestine. No problem getting in. There wasn't even a Palestinian checkpoint at the turn in the road that Israel and the PLO had agreed marks the beginning of autonomous Jericho. It was precisely over these checkpoints—symbols of sovereignty—that Yasir Arafat's men held the peace talks at an impasse for months. But now, though they had won their point, the Palestinians were not exercising their options—at least not here. Doubtless there's more of an epaulets-and-beret show at the Gaza frontiers and on the Allenby Bridge from Jordan. But then, I'd guess also that the Israelis are not waving cars through those crossings without so much as a peek through the windows, which is what they are doing here. Jericho is the administrative headquarters of the autonomy regime, a sleepy place where history seems to have stopped centuries ago. Before 1967, when Israel captured the West Bank, the town attracted rich winter visitors from neighboring Arab countries. The Hisham Palace Hotel was to Jericho what the Old Cataract is to Aswan (or was, until Muslim extremists took to shooting tourists). But it is not at all handsome, not even in the chunky way of the King David in Jerusalem. Still, for some weeks it seemed that its pretensions were about to be restored as fact: Arafat himself, journalists were told (not least by the inn's owner), would make the Hisham Palace his White House. A more sobering reality has set in. The hotel is being outfitted as a press center, with telephones, fax machines and T.V. and radio equipment for the PBC—"the Palestinian equivalent of the BBC," as I was informed by a nice local, one of the few actual residents to land a job with the returning centurions.

ARAFAT IS ABOUT TO TURN UP, AND truth be told, nobody really seems to care. Oh yes, the foreign press cares a lot, and treats Arafat's travel plans like the climax of the peace process, when an anti-climax, I suspect, will be the story. All the big networks have expressed their care by laying out tens of thousands of dollars per week to rent tiny plots on the roofs and balconies facing the town square where, it is assumed, Arafat will stage his momentous return. NBC cameras seem to have landed the best spot, and two stringers have been protecting the network's advantage for weeks. Today, a few young men—there are almost no young women on the street—clustered with rolled-up banners for a demonstration. The stringers dozed in the sun. The police said it would be a demonstration against Israel's refusal to release prisoners who wouldn't sign a pledge of nonviolence. A money-changer told me, however, that it would be a protest against the lingering Israeli ban on workers from the territories. Of course, once the PLO begins to govern in quotidian ways, Palestinian protests will most likely be directed against their own—that is, if protest is permitted at all.

BUT PALESTINIAN control hasn't set in yet. This is Abu Jihad territory. Photographs of Arafat's No. 2, slain by the Israelis in Tunis in 1988, are much in evidence. Still, Arafat will have his pandemonic glory in Jericho. The throngs will play the part Peter Jennings expects from them. But you don't have to talk long with those who have lived with (and under) the Israelis before you detect resentment at, anxiety about, or fear of the exiles from Tunis. As one lucky-to-be-functioning Jericho resident put it, "If Arafat imposes his loyalists on us it will be just another occupation." Tough talk, especially to a stranger.

WE'D DRIVEN DOWN WITH A BRITish journalist, pretty and partisan, attached, not surprisingly, to *Newsweek*. She had been "on this story" for four years, she said, and "it is now over." She was on her way home. Not that there weren't some interesting articles to write: "For example, the one about the Bedouins, twice made refugees, first from the Negev and now from Ma'aleh Adummim," the sprawling new Jewish suburb east of Jerusalem. I had the sense she didn't want to stay around for the inevitable disenchantment. When she referred to Arafat she uttered his talismanic name, "Abu Amar"—"father of war."

IS THE FATHER OF WAR OUT OF touch with his people? Are his sons? The Palestinian police and security force in Jericho was trained in Iraq. Soon we will see how and what they learned. But they did not seem brutal; they weren't even efficient. One official numbered them at 800, another at 150. These forces now put out a weekly newspaper, and when we arrived at what used to be an Israeli canteen, several Palestinians were assembling the second issue of their twelve pages. "Last week we called it *Al Awda*, which means 'the return,'" a police spokesman informed us sadly. "But then we found out that there was already another paper called *Al Awda*. So we've called it *Al Aqsa*," after the silver-domed mosque next to the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, I presume.

THERE ARE MANY CLEAVAGES among the Palestinians of Jericho. Between the old social structure and a new one not yet quite emerged. Between the king's people and Arafat's. Between the traditionalists (not only fundamentalists) and the secular ideologists. But the deepest fissure is that between the insiders and outsiders. Those who will (or want to) return are at odds, partly out of experience, with those who stayed. It's not clear how the difference will affect Israel. It is Israel, however, that has made that difference. The insiders have been abutters to a rambunctious democracy, and some of those insiders want just that for themselves.

STILL, MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT this: no one wants Israelis in Jericho. The signs welcoming travelers to restaurants and shops used to be in Arabic, English and Hebrew. Most of the Hebrew ones have been painted over. The peace agreement is not a reconciliation but a divorce. It is a divorce, however, in which the two parties are doomed to see each other every morning. There is no escaping the geography of this place. Geography is on everyone's tongue, and not just the Palestinians'. Every Palestinian we encountered in Jericho said there would be no peace without a sovereign Arab restoration in Jerusalem. The Holy City is the heart of the body. Israeli optimists say these are just slogans. Some of these optimists say there are sensible solutions to every problem, even to the problem of Jerusalem, the weightiest of them all.

I'M NOT SO SURE. WE WERE SITting in the office of the colonel who now commands the Jericho police. He was "seeing journalists," he said to someone who knocked on his door. He told us that "the Jews" had left a big drug trade in Jericho, that "the Jews" weren't cooperating, that "the Jews made violations." Behind his desk was a map of the holy land. Not just Jericho and Hebron and Jerusalem, but Natanya and Tel Aviv and Haifa. And what was the country on this map called? Yes, you guessed it, "Palestine."

MARTIN PERETZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Charter Schools

The idea of charter schools is getting favorable attention from a number of business people because they see a parallel with a popular and successful business practice: giving branch offices substantial authority to manage their own affairs. The large companies doing this have found that the branches often are more creative and productive than when they were under the direct management of the main office.

This is applicable to schools because, like branch offices, they are subject to top-down management—and are often stifled by it. If you lift that, charter school supporters say, and give schools freedom to manage their own affairs, all kinds of pent-up creativity will be released. And, they conclude, this will probably lead to a school-by-school reform of the entire education system.

But there's a major difference between giving this kind of freedom to a branch office in the business world and giving it to a school. The company knows what its product is, and it has a system for managing quality. Our education system has not even decided the business of the schools.

The real question is not whether schools should be independent but when and under what circumstances.

Should all high school graduates be required to reach a certain level of proficiency in mathematics? Should they be required to read and write English at a certain level? Or is it more important that they attain high levels of self-esteem? Should schools be mainly concerned with delivering the social services students need: health and child care or psychological counseling? Are they responsible for making sure students maintain their particular group's cultural heritage or is it enough that they educate students in what it means to be an American? The Goals 2000 legislation should eventually lead us to a definition of what the "business" of our schools is supposed to be, but we are still far from reaching a consensus.

Moreover, U.S. education lacks the kind of incentive system that forces business people to constantly think about and improve their product. If a company makes shoddy products or loses money year after year, it goes out of business. But a high school diploma is just about inevitable if a kid shows up at school for four years. So is college entrance for high school graduates who get money from Uncle Sam or their parents. The incentive system is no better for youngsters going right to work because employers never ask for high school transcripts, and a student who did well in school has no advantage over one who barely got through.

Supporters claim that charter schools will establish accountability, so that good schools will flourish and bad ones will shrivel up and die. But without an external incentive system that demands a certain kind of quality, success will be based on popularity rather than quality. Why should youngsters go to a school that has a rigorous curriculum, where they may have to work hard just to get C's, when they can get A's somewhere else—and have a good time? Few colleges reward this kind of effort, and few prospective employers even notice it.

We are in the process of defining our education "product" through Goals 2000, and when we do so and want to pull the education system together to achieve it, what effect will charter schools have on this effort? Suppose the Coca-Cola Company put a number of independent units in business without telling them what kind of drink they should be making. And then, after some had started making beer and others wine, it came along and said, "You're supposed to be making Coke!" Will the schools we have liberated be willing to accept the goals of public education? Will we see a coalition of schools that have gotten their independence and are no longer willing to pull with the rest?

Other advanced industrial democracies have national or provincial standards, and curriculums and assessments embodying those standards, and they have strong incentives for students to work hard. Kids know getting into college or getting a job or admission to an apprenticeship program depends on their doing well. The schools know it, too. And with a system like that, it makes sense to give people in the schools the freedom to decide on how to meet the standards—on things like how the school day should be structured and how best to teach their particular students to read, write and count.

Many of our schools now suffer because of bureaucratic, top-down management, but giving them the freedom to do whatever they choose will not solve the problems of our education system. Indeed, encouraging them to do their own thing before we have decided what we want our students to know and be able to do could be very destructive. The real question is not whether schools should be independent but when and under what circumstances.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

ADVERTISEMENT
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1994 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

Some of our most SUCCESSFUL research and DEVELOPMENT programs HAVE NOTHING to do with cars.

AT TOYOTA, improving the quality of life is as important to us as improving the quality of our vehicles. That's why, for the last 20 years, we've been supporting American community projects that are as diverse and exciting as the people who participate in them. This year alone, we're investing more than $12 million in organizations ranging from the National Science Teachers Association to the United Negro College Fund to educational PBS programming, such as "Where in the World Is Carmen Sandiego?" To us, a successful business shouldn't just try to make a profit, it should try to make a difference as well.

INVESTING IN THE THINGS WE ALL CARE ABOUT. **TOYOTA**

For more information about Toyota in America write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900-C5, New York, NY 10019.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED